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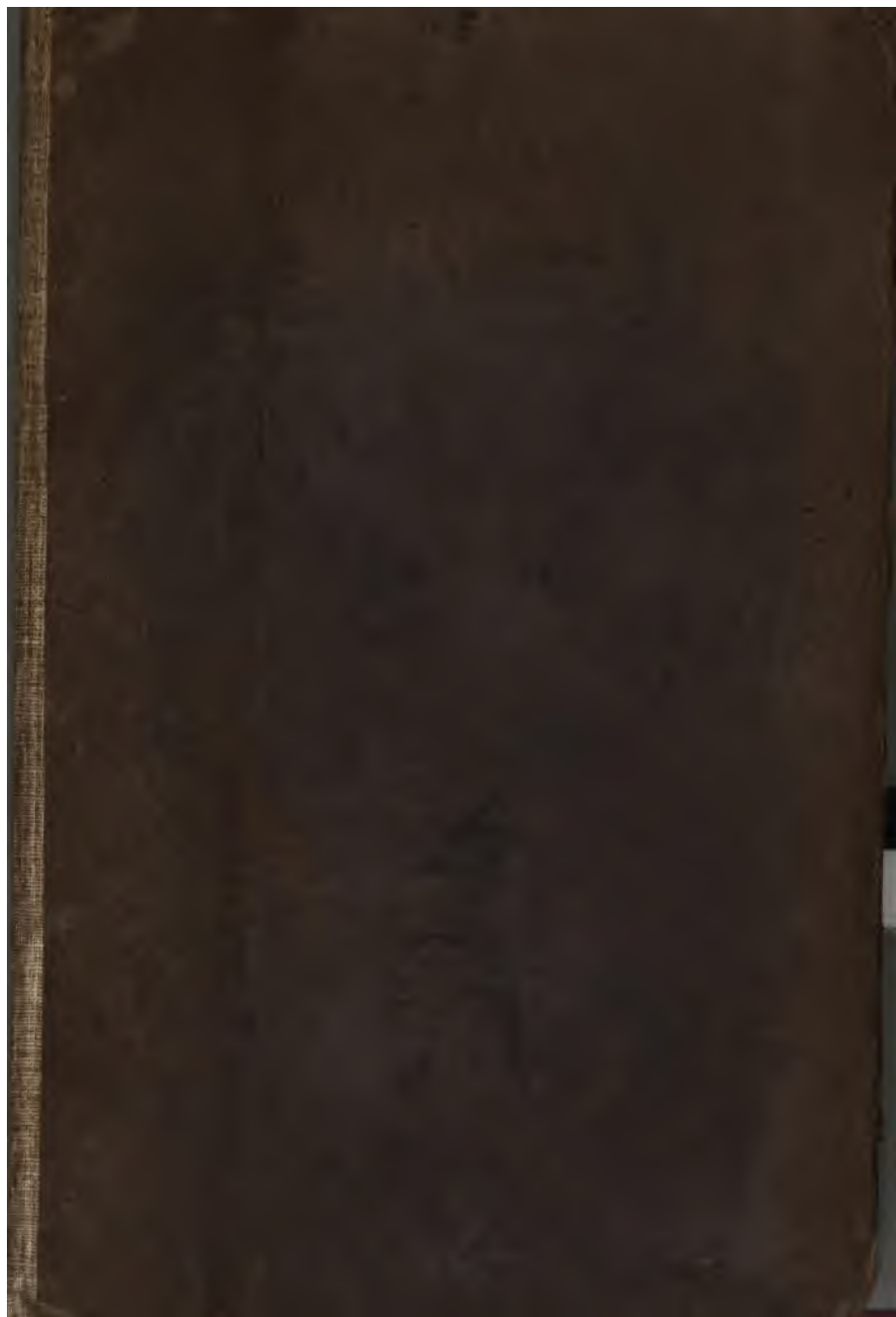
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Carlson

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# **LAND SURVEYING**

**IN ALL ITS DEPARTMENTS,**

**EXECUTED WITH**

**ACCURACY, FIDELITY, AND DISPATCH,**

**BY WM. GRAHAM,**

**Hallside, Kirklington,**

**CUMBERLAND.**

**Neat and elegant Plans made of Estates, Parishes,  
Waste Lands, &c. Valuations made for selling and  
letting Lands. Conditions of Management for Lea-  
ses drawn out agreeable to the nature and qualities  
of the soils. Growing Woods Valued, &c.**

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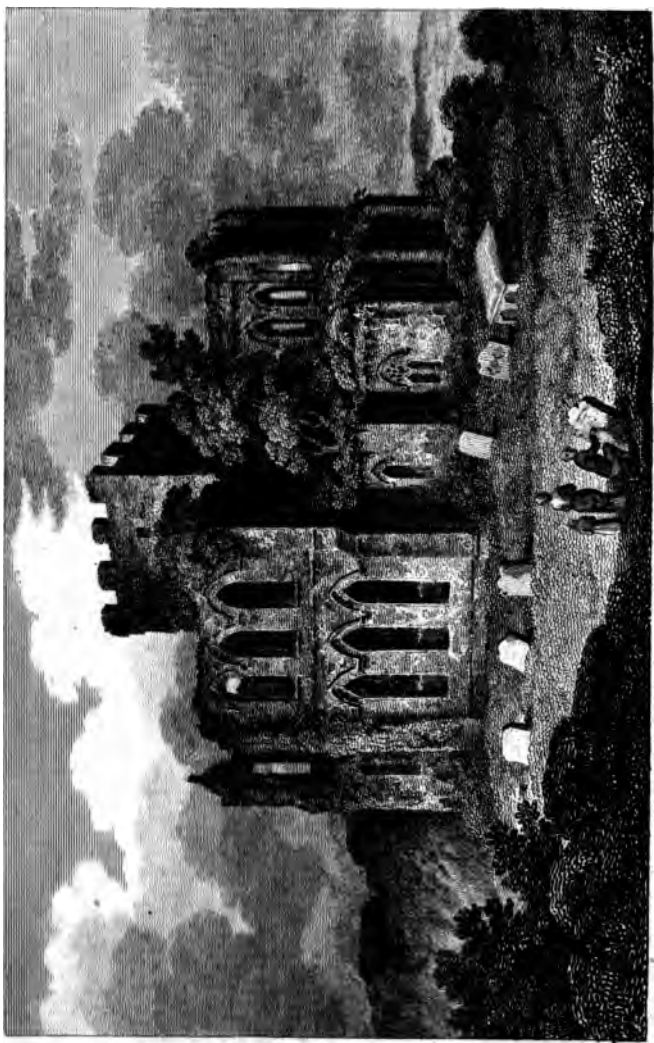












A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
**EPITAPHS**

AND  
**Monumental Inscriptions,**

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

WITH AN EMBLEMATICAL FRONTISPIECE.

---

BY WILLIAM GRAHAM,

LAND SURVEYOR.

---

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?  
What though we wade in wealth or soar in fame,  
Earth's highest station ends in—' Here he lies,'  
And dust to dust concludes her noblest song.

YOUNG.

---

**Carlisle:**

PRINTED (FOR THE AUTHOR),  
AND SOLD BY C. THURNAM, ENGLISH-STREET,  
AND ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS.

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1821.

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**C. Thurnam, Printer, Carlisle.**



## PREFACE.

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HAVING always derived a particular pleasure from a walk among the tombs, I became in early life a collector of Epitaphs. A recent tour through GREAT BRITAIN, and the ISLE of MAN, enabled me to enlarge the collection, by the insertion of several inscriptions of great merit, that convey fine moral thoughts in the style and spirit of genuine poetry ; many of them were never before published, and are correctly copied from the monuments on which they are inscribed : a few are taken from the works of our most popular Poets, which certainly do no discredit to the authors whose names they bear.

If some pieces of inferior merit, as far as regards poetic composition, have been admitted into the collection, they are, at least, entitled to the praise of being moral and instructive, however they may offend the ear, or the taste, by the inharmony of their numbers, or the coarseness of their diction. They ex-

press sentiments that are calculated to make a useful impression on the heart, and dispose the mind to ponder on the brevity of life, on the imperfections and unsatisfactory nature of our enjoyments, and on the instability of all earthly possessions. They tell us, that

——“ *Though we wade in wealth or soar in fame,  
Earth's highest station ends in—Here he lies !*”

As I have endeavoured to make it a useful and instructive collection, I am not without hopes that its general merit, is such as, will secure it a favourable reception from the public, and dispose the reader to consider the time usefully spent in its perusal.

*Hall-Side, Kirklington, }*  
*August 1, 1821. }*

# Epitaphs, &c.

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## WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

---

### ON WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

THE cloud capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, and all which it inherits, shall dissolve,  
And like the baseless fabric of a vision  
Leave not a wreck behind.

---

### JAMES THOMSON,

*Ætatis 48, obiit 27, August, 1748.*

Tutor'd by thee, sweet poetry, exalts her voice to  
Ages, and informs the page, with music, image,  
Sentiment, and thought, never to die!

This Monument was erected in 1762.

## JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

*Died Feb. 24, 1720, in the 74th year of his age.*

I liv'd doubtful, not dissolute,  
 I die unresolv'd, not unresign'd.  
 Ignorance and error are incident to human nature.  
 I trust in an Almighty and all good God.  
 O! thou Being of Beings, have compassion on me.  
 For my king often, for my country forever.

---

TO THE MEMORY OF

NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq.

*Who died in 1718, aged 45 ;*

And of *Charlotte*, his only Daughter, wife of Henry Fane, Esq. who inherited her father's spirit, and amiable in her own innocence and beauty, died in the 23d year of her age, 1739.

Thy reliques Rowe! to this sad shrine we trust,  
 And near thy Shakspeare place thy honor'd bust.  
 Oh! next him skill'd to draw the tender tear,  
 For never heart felt passion more sincere ;  
 To nobler sentiments to fire the brave,  
 For never Briton more disdain'd a slave.  
 Peace to thy gentle shade and endless rest,  
 Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest!  
 And blest, that timely from our scene remov'd  
 Thy soul enjoys that liberty it lov'd!

To these so mourn'd in death, so lov'd in life,  
 The childless parent, and the widow'd wife,  
 With tears inscribe this monumental stone,  
 That holds their ashes, and expects her own.

Mr. Rowe was Poet Laureat and author of several  
 fine Tragedies.

---

JOHN GAY,

*Died December 4, 1732, aged 45.*

*The short Epitaph on the front was written by himself,*

Life is a jest, and all things show it:  
 I thought so once, but now I know it.

Underneath are these verses by Mr. POPE—

Of manners gentle, of affections mild,  
 In wit a man, simplicity a child;  
 With native humour tempering virtuous rage,  
 Form'd to delight at once, and lash the age;  
 Above temptation in a low estate,  
 And uncorrupted e'en among the great:  
 A safe companion and an easy friend,  
 Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end;  
 These are thy honors;—not that there thy bust  
 Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;  
 But that the worthy and the good shall say,  
 Striking their pensive bosoms—here lies Gay!



TO THE MEMORY OF

MARY HOPE,

*Who died at Brook-Hall,*

In the County of Northampton,

*On the 25th of June, 1767,*

Aged 25 years,

*And whose remains lie in the neighbouring church  
at Norton ; this stone, an unavailing tribute of affec-  
tion, is by her husband erected and inscribed.*

She was the only daughter of Eliab Breton, of Torty-Hall, Middlesex, Esq. and was married to John Hope, of London, Merchant, to whom she left three infant sons, Charles, John, and William.

Tho' low on earth, her beauteous form decay'd,  
My faithful wife, my lov'd Maria's laid,  
In sad remembrance, the afflicted raise  
No pompous tomb inscrib'd with venal praise.  
To statesmen, warriors, and to kings belong  
The trophy'd sculpture and the poet's song ;  
And these the proud expiring often claim,  
Their wealth, bequeathing to record their name.  
But humble virtue, stealing to the dust,  
Heeds not our lays, or monumental bust.  
To name her virtues ill befits my grief ;  
What was my bliss can now give no relief ;  
A husband mourns—the rest let friendship tell ;  
Fame spread her worth—a husband knew it well.

## IN MEMORY OF

*An honest man, a constant friend,*JOHN, THE GREAT DUKE OF ARGYLE  
AND GREENWICH,*A General and Orator,*

Exceeded by none in the age he lived. Sir Henry Fearer, Bart. by his last Will and Testament, left the sum of £500 towards erecting this Monument, and recommended the following Inscription :—

Britons behold ! if patriot worth be dear,  
A shrine that claims a tributary tear ;  
Silent that tongue admiring senates heard,  
Nerveless that arm opposing legions fear'd.  
Nor less, O Campbell ! thine the power to please,  
And give to grandeur all the grace of ease.  
Long from thy life let kindred heroes trace,  
Arts which ennoble till the noblest race ;  
Others may owe their future fame to me ;  
I borrow immortality from thee.

His Grace was born October the 10th, 1689, and died  
October the 4th, 1743. ~

## IN MEMORY OF

GRACE SCOTT,

Eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Mauleverer, of Al-  
erton Mauleverer, in Yorkshire, Bart. born 1622,  
married to Colonel Scott, a member of the honorable  
House of Commons, 1644, and died February 24, 1645..

He that will give my Grace but what is hers,  
 Must say her death has not  
 Made only her dear Scott,  
 But virtue, worth and sweetness, widowers.



TO THE MEMORY OF  
 STEPHEN HALES,  
*Doctor in Divinity.*

Augusta, the mother of that best of Kings, George the Third, has placed this Monument, who chose him when living to officiate as her Chaplain, and after he died, which was on the 4th of January, 1761, in the 84th year of his age, honored him with this marble:—

About the tomb of Hales, whose fair design  
 And polish, great Augusta caus'd to shine,  
 Religion, hoary faith, and virtue wait,  
 And shed perpetual tears in mournful state.  
 But of the preacher render'd to his clay,  
 The voice of wisdom still has this to say:  
 He was a man to hear affliction's cry,  
 And trace his maker's works with curious eye.  
 O Hales! thy praises not the latest age  
 Shall e'er diminish, or shall blot thy page;  
 England so proud of Newton shall agree,  
 She has a son of equal rank in thee.

IN MEMORY OF  
THE RIGHT HONORABLE JAMES CRAGGS.

Who was made

*Secretary at War, in April, 1717,*

And One of His Majesty's Privy Council, and  
Secretary of State in March, 1718,

He died Feb. 16, 1720, aged 35.

Statesmen, yet friend to truth, of soul sincere,  
In action faithful, and in honor clear!  
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,  
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend.  
Ennobl'd by himself, by all approv'd,  
Prais'd, wept, and honor'd, by the muse he lov'd.

TO THE MEMORY OF  
DAVID GARRICK,

*Who died in the year 1779, at the age of 63.*

To paint fair nature by divine command,  
Her magic pencil in his glowing hand,  
A Shakspeare rose—then to expand his fame,  
Wide o'er this breathing world a Garrick came  
Though sunk in death, the forms the poet drew,  
The actor's genius bade them breathe anew:  
Though like the bard himself in night they lay,  
Immortal Garrick called them back to day:

And till eternity with power sublime,  
 Shall mark the mortal hour of hoary time,  
 Shakspeare and Garrick like twin stars shall shine,  
 And earth irradiate with a beam divine.

PRATT.

---

*Sacred to the*

IMMORTAL MEMORY OF

SIR PALMES FAIRBORN, KNT.

*Governor of Tangier,*

In the execution of which Command, he was mortally wounded by a shot from the Moors, then besieging the town, in the 46th year of his age, October 24, 1680.

Ye sacred reliques, which your marble'keep,  
 Here undisturb'd by wars, in quiet sleep,  
 Discharge the trust which (when it was below) }  
 Fairborn's undaunted soul did undergo, }  
 And be the town's palladium from the foe. }  
 Alive and dead these walls he will defend;  
 Great actions great examples must attend.  
 The Candian siege his early valour knew,  
 Where Turkish blood did his young hands imbrue;  
 From thence returning with deserv'd applause, }  
 Against the Moors his well flesh'd sword he draws, }  
 The same the courage, and the same the cause. }  
 His youth and age, his life and death combine, }  
 As in some great and regular design, }  
 All of a piece throughout, and all divine.

Still nearer heaven his virtues shone more bright,  
 Like rising flames expanding in their height,  
 The martyr's glory crown'd the soldier's fight. }  
 More bravely British general never fell,  
 No General's death was e'er reveng'd so well,  
 Which his pleas'd eyes beheld before their close,  
 Follow'd by thousand victims of his foes.  
 To his lamented loss, for times to come,  
 His pious widow consecrates this tomb.



SIR GODFREY KNELLER, KNT.

*He was Painter to*

King Charles II. ; James II. ; William III. ; Anne and  
 George I.

*Born in 1646, died in 1723, aged 77.*

He was Knighted, March 3, 1691, and created a  
 Baronet May 24, 1715,

(Among his most excellent works are the Beauties  
 of the Court of Charles II.)

*His Epitaph is written by POPE.*

Kneller by heaven and not a master taught,  
 Whose art was nature, and whose pictures thought;  
 When now two ages he had snatch'd from fate  
 Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,  
 Rests crown'd with princes' honors, poet's lays  
 Due to his merit, and brave thirst of praise;  
 Living great nature fear'd he might outvie  
 Her works; and dying fears herself may die.

## PHILIP CARTERET,

*Son of Lord George Carteret,*

Who died March 19, 1710, aged 19,—a King's Scholar at Westminster. An emblem of time is standing on an altar supposed to be repeating the following Epitaph:—

Why flows the mournful muse's tear  
 For thee cut down in life's full prime :  
 Why sighs for thee the parent dear,  
 Cropt by the scythe of hoary time ?  
 Lo ! this my boy's the common lot !  
 To me thy memory entrust ;  
 When all that's dear shall be forgot,  
 I'll guard thy venerable dust.  
 From age to age, as I proclaim  
 Thy learning piety and truth ;  
 Thy great example shall inflame  
 And emulation raise in youth.

---

 LORD AUBREY BEAUCLERK

Was the youngest son of Charles, Duke of St. Alban's, by Diana, daughter of Aubrey de Vere, Earl of Oxford. He went early to sea, and was made a commander in 1731. In 1740, he was sent upon that memorable expedition to Carthageua, under the command of Admiral Vernon, in his Majesty's ship the Prince Frederick, which, with three others, were ordered to cannonade the castle Bocca Chica. One of these being obliged to quit her station, the

Prince Fr  derick was exposed not only to the fire of the castle, but to that of fort St. Joseph, and to two ships that guarded the mouth of the harbour, which he sustained for many hours that day, and part of the next, with uncommon intrepidity. As he was giving his command upon deck, both his legs were shot off; but such was his magnanimity, that he would not suffer his wounds to be dressed till he had communicated his orders to the first Lieutenant which were to fight his ship to the last extremity. Soon after this he gave some directions about his private affairs, and then resigned his soul with the dignity of a hero, and a christian. Thus he was taken off in the 31st year of his age; an illustrious commander of superior fortitude, and clemency, amiable in his person; steady in his affections and equalled by few in the social and domestic virtues of politeness, modesty, candour, and benevolence. He married the widow of Colonel J. Alexander, a daughter of Sir H. Newton, Knt. envoy extraordinary to the court of Florence, and to the republic of Genoa, and judge of the high court of Admiralty.

His Epitaph over the inscription :—

While Britain boasts her empire o'er the deep  
This marble shall compel the brave to weep,  
As men, as Britons, and as soldiers mourn—  
'Tis dauntless, loyal, virtuous Beauclerk's urn.  
Sweet were his manners as his soul was great,  
And ripe his worth tho' immature his fate;  
Each tender grace, that joy and love inspire,  
Living he mingl'd with his martial fire:  
Dying he bid Britannia's thunder roar,  
And Spain still felt him when he breath'd no more.



## TO THE MEMORY OF

## SIR CHARLES WAGER, KNT.

Admiral of the white, first commander of the  
 Admiralty and privy councillor:  
 A man of great natural talents,  
 Who bore the highest commands,  
 And passed through the great employments  
 With credit to himself, and honor to his country.  
 He was in private life  
 Humane, temperate, just, and bountiful:  
 In public station  
 Valiant, prudent, wise, and honest;  
 Easy of access to all:  
 Plain and unaffected in his manners,  
 Steady and resolute in his conduct;  
 So remarkably happy in his presence of mind,  
 That no danger ever discomposed him,  
 Esteemed and favored by his king,  
 Beloved and honored by his country.  
 He died May 24, 1743, aged 77.

---

## SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

## EDWARD VERNON,

Admiral of the White Squadron  
 Of the British fleet.  
 He was the second son of James Vernon,  
 Who was Secretary of State to King William III.  
 And whose abilities and integrity  
 Were equally conspicuous.

In his youth he served under the Admirals  
Shovell and Rook.

By their example he learned to conquer,  
By his own merit he rose to command.

In the war with Spain of M.DCC.XXXIX,  
He took the fort Porto Bello  
With six ships ;

A force which was thought unequal to the attempt,  
For this he received

The thanks of both Houses of Parliament.

He subdued Chagre, and at Carthagena  
Conquered as far as naval force  
Could carry victory.

After these services he retired,  
without place or title,  
From the exercise of public,  
To the enjoyment of private virtue.

The testimony of a good conscience  
Was his reward—

The love and esteem of all good men  
His glory.

In battle though calm, he was active,  
And though intrepid prudent ;  
Successful, yet not ostentatious ;  
Ascribing the glory to God.

In the senate he was disinterested, vigilant  
And steady.

On the 30th day of October, 1757,  
He died as he had lived  
The friend of man, the lover of his Country,  
And the father of the poor,  
Aged 73.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

SIR PETER WARREN,

Knight of the Bath, Vice-Admiral of the Red  
Squadron of the British fleet, and  
Member of Parliament  
For the city and liberty of Westminster.

He derived his descent from an ancient  
Family of Ireland :

His fame and honors for his virtues and abilities.  
How eminently those were displayed,  
With what vigilance and spirit they were exerted  
In the various services wherein he had the  
Honor to command,  
And the happiness to conquer,  
Will be more properly recorded in the annals of  
Great Britain.

On this tablet affection with truth must say,  
That, deservedly esteemed in private life,  
And universally renowned for his public conduct,  
The judicious and gallant officer  
Possessed, in the amiable qualities of the friend,  
The gentleman, and christian :

But the Almighty  
Whom alone he feared, and whose gracious  
Protection he had often experienced,  
Was pleased to remove him from a place of honor  
To an eternity of happiness,  
On the 29th day of July, 1752,  
In the 49th year of his age.

GEORGE WALSH, Esq.

Late Lieutenant-General of His Majesty's Forces,  
*And Colonel of the 49th Regiment of Foot,*

Who died October 23, 1761,

*Aged 73.*

The toils of life and pangs of death are o'er,  
 And care and pain and sickness are no more.

HENRY WITHERS,

Lieutenant-General, died November 11, 1729, aged  
 78 years.

Here Withers rests! thou bravest, gentlest mind,  
 Thy country's friend, but more of human kind.  
 Oh born to arms! oh worth in youth approv'd!  
 Oh soft humanity in age belov'd!  
 For thee the hardy veteran drops a tear,  
 And the gay courtier feels his sigh sincere.  
 Withers adieu! yet not with thee remove  
 Thy martial spirit, or thy social love:  
 Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,  
 Still leave some ancient virtues to our age;  
 Nor let us say (those English glories gone),  
 The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

POPE.

Reader

If thou art a Briton,  
Behold this tomb with reverence and regret !  
Here lie the remains of

DANIEL PULTENEY:

The kindest relation, the truest friend,  
The warmest patriot, the worthiest man !  
He exercised virtues in this age,  
Sufficient to have distinguished him even in the best.

Sagacious by nature,  
Industrious by habit,  
Inquisitive with art.

He gained a complete knowledge of the state of  
Britain, foreign and domestic ;  
In most the backward fruit of tedious experience,  
In him the early acquisition of undissipated youth.

He served the Court several years ;  
Abroad in the auspicious reign of Queen Anne,  
At home in the reign of that excellent Prince  
George I.

He served his country always ;  
At court independent,  
In the senate unbiassed.

At every age and in every station  
This was the bent of his generous soul,  
This the business of his laborious life ;

PUBLIC MEN AND PUBLIC THINGS.

He judged by one constant standard—  
The true interest of Britain :  
He made no other distinction of party ;  
He abhorred all other.

Gentle, humane, disinterested, and beneficent,  
 He created no enemies on his own account ;  
 Firm, determined, and inflexible,  
 He feared none he could create in the cause of Britain.

Reader !  
 In this misfortune of thy country, lament thine own ;  
 For know,  
 The loss of so much private virtue,  
 Is a public calamity.

---

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF  
 THE REVEREND JOHN THOMAS, L. L. D.

Bishop of Rochester,  
 Dean of this Collegiate Church,  
 And of the most honorable Order of the Bath.  
 Having passed through the school at Carlisle  
 With reputation, he proceeded to Oxford,  
 To gather a more abundant harvest of knowledge ;  
 Where he became both the ornament and patron  
 Of genius, good morals, and of polite, as well as  
 Of profound learning.  
 With increasing fame every where spreading itself.  
 He did honors to dignities by his merit,  
 Improved riches by bestowing them,  
 Presided over the church with wisdom,  
 Defended it by his authority,  
 Regulated it by his example ;  
 Ever active in duties, and unwearied in attentions,  
 Added to the strictest economy,

Till after a well spent life,  
 Himself exhausted, but not his patience,  
 By a long and painful illness  
 He resigned his soul to God, August 20, 1793.  
 Aged 81 years.

His Nephew,  
 G. A. T. A. M.  
 To whose lot it fell to perform it,  
 Offers this unavailing tribute as a testimony,  
 Though small,  
 Of duty and affection.

---

### JOHN MILTON.

He was a great polemical and political writer, and Latin Secretary to Oliver Cromwell; but what have immortalized his name, are those two inimitable pieces, *Paradise Lost* and *Regained*. He was born at London in 1608, and died at Bunhill (perhaps the same as Bunhill fields) in 1674, leaving three daughters behind him unprovided for; and not long since a grand daughter of his was relieved by a benefit at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. In 1737, Mr. Auditor Benson erected this Monument to his memory.

Under Milton is an elegant Monument lately erected to the memory of Mr. Gray. This Monument seems expressive of the compliment contained in the following Epitaph, where the Lyric Muse, is holding a medallion of the Poet, and at the same time pointing the finger up to the bust, of Milton, which is directly over it :—

No more the Grecian Muse-unrivall'd reigns ;  
 To Britain let the nation's homage pay,  
 She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,  
 A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray.

Died July 30, 1771, aged 54.

---

TO THE MEMORY OF

FRANCIS HOLLIS,

*By John Earl of Clare, his afflicted father.*

This brave youth, after returning from making a campaign in Flanders, died August 12, 1662, aged 18.

What though thou hast of nature or of arts,  
 Youth, beauty, strength, or what excelling parts,  
 Of mind and body, letters, arms and worth,  
 His eighteen years, beyond his years, brought forth;  
 Then stand and read thyself within this glass,  
 How soon these perish, and thyself may pass ;  
 Man's life is measur'd by the work, not days,  
 No aged sloth ; but active youth hath praise.

---

ON SIR RICHARD PECKFALL, KNT.

*Master of the buck hounds to Queen Elizabeth.*

Death can't disjoin whom Christ hath join'd in love,  
 Life leads to death, and death to life, above.  
 In heaven's a happier place ; frail things despise,  
 Live well to gain in future life a prize.



## ON JOHN LORD RUSSEL,

*Son and heir to Francis, Earl of Bedford.*

BY HIS LADY.

Right noble twice by virtue and by birth,  
 Of heaven lov'd and honour'd on the earth,  
 His country's hope, his kindred's chief delight,  
 My husband dear more than this world's light,  
 Death hath me rest. But I from him will take  
 His memory, to whom this tomb I make.  
 John was his name (ah ! was) wretch must I say ?  
 Lord Russel once, now my tear thirsting clay.

---

 TO THE MEMORY OF

## CATHERINE LADY WALPOLE,

Eldest daughter of John Shorter, Esq. of  
 Bybrook, in Kent, and first wife of  
 Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford,  
 Horace, her youngest son consecrated  
 This Monument.

She had beauty and wit, without vice or vanity,  
 And cultivated the arts without affectation,  
 She was devout, though without bigotry to any sect  
 And was without prejudice to any party ;  
 Tho' the wife of a minister whose power she esteemed  
 When she could employ it to benefit the  
 Miserable, or to reward the meritorious.

She loved a private life,  
 Though born to shine in public, and was an  
     Ornament to courts  
     Untainted by them.  
 She died August the 20th, 1737.

---

*The most illustrious and serene Prince,*

ANTHONY PHILIP,

DUKE OF MONPENSIER.

Descended from the Kings of France,  
 Second son of the Duke of Orleans,  
 From his earliest youth bred to arms,  
     And even in chains unsubdued ;  
     Of an erect mind in adversity,  
     And in prosperity not elated ;  
     A constant patron of the liberal arts ;  
     Polite, pleasant, and courteous to all,  
     Nor ever wanting in the duties of brother,  
 Neighbour, friend, or the love of his country.  
 After experiencing the vicissitudes of fortune  
     He was received with great hospitality by  
     The English Nation, and at length  
     Rests in this asylum for Kings.  
 Born, July 3, 1775, died May 18, 1807, aged 31.

---

ABRAHAM COWLEY,

The Pindar, Horace, and Virgil of England, and the  
 delight, ornament, and admiration of his age !

While sacred bard, far worlds thy works proclaim,  
 And you survive in an immortal fame,  
 Here may you blest in pleasing quiet lie,  
 To guard thy urn may hoary faith stand by !  
 And all thy fav'rite tuneful Nine repair,  
 To watch thy dust with a perpetual care,  
 Sacred for ever may the place be made,  
 And may no desperate hand presume to invade  
 With touch unhallow'd this religious room,  
 Or dare affront thy venerable tomb ;  
 Unmov'd and undisturb'd till time shall end,  
 May Cowley's dust this marble shrine defend !

So wishes and desires that wish may be sacred to posterity, George Duke of Buckingham, who erected this Monument to that incomparable man. He died in the 49th year of his age, and was carried from Buckingham-house, with honourable pomp, his exequies being attended by persons of illustrious characters of all degrees, and buried August 3, 1667.

---

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY, Esq.

Formerly a scholar at Eton,  
 And Fellow of Trinity College, in Cambridge ;  
 A very elegant Poet,  
 Who held a distinguished pre-eminence,  
 Even among those who excelled in the same kinds  
 Of his art.

About the year 1770,  
 He exchanged his residence in Cambridge-shire for  
 Bath,  
 A place above all, that he delighted in.

The celebrated Poem that he wrote under the title  
 Of the Bath Guide,  
 Is a sufficient testimony,  
 And after having lived there thirty-six years,  
 Died in the year 1805,  
 At the advanced age of Eighty-one.

---

TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. PRITCHARD.

She retired from the Stage, of which she had long  
 been the ornament, in the month of April, 1768, and  
 died at Bath, in the month of August following, in the  
 57th year of her age.

Her comic vein had every charm to please,  
 'Twas nature's dictates breathed with nature's ease ;  
 Ev'n when her powers sustained the Tragic load,  
 Full clear and just, the harmonious accents flow'd ;  
 And the big passions of her feeling heart,  
 Burst freely forth and shamed the mimic art.  
 Oft on the scene with colours not her own,  
 She painted vice and taught us what to shun :  
 One virtuous track her real life pursu'd,  
 That noble part was uniformly good ;  
 Each duty thereto such perfection wrought,  
 That, if the precepts fail'd, th' example taught.

## SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

## JONAS HANWAY,

Who departed this life, September 5, 1789, aged 74, but whose name liveth, and will ever live, whilst active piety shall distinguish Christian integrity, and truth shall recommend the British merchant, and universal kindness shall characterize the Citizen of the World.

The helpless infant nurtur'd through his care,  
 The friendless prostitute shelter'd and reform'd :  
 The hopeless youth rescu'd from misery and ruin,  
 And train'd to serve and to defend his country,  
 Uniting in one common train of gratitude,  
 Bear testimony to their benefactor's virtues :—  
 This was the friend and father of the poor.

---

## MICHAEL DRAYTON, Esq.

A memorable Poet of his age, exchanged his Laurel for a Crown of Glory, Anno. 1631.

Do pious marble ! let thy readers know,  
 What they, and what their children owe  
 To Drayton's name, whose sacred dust,  
 We recommend unto thy trust :  
 Protect his memory and preserve his story :  
 Remain a lasting monument of his glory :  
 And when thy ruins shall disclaim  
 To be the treasurer of his name,  
 His name that cannot fade shall be  
 An everlasting monument to thee.

This gentleman was both an excellent Poet, and a learned Antiquarian.

## BEN JOHNSON,

This monument is of fine marble, and is very neatly insculped and ornamented with emblematical figures, alluding perhaps, to the malice and envy of his contemporaries.

His Epitaph—

“ O RARE BEN JOHNSON !”

---

IN MEMORY OF  
THOMAS PARR,

*Of the County of Salop, born in 1483.*

He lived in the reign of ten Princes, namely, Edward IV.; Edward V.; Richard III.; Henry VII.; Henry VIII.; Edward VI.; Queen Mary; Queen Elizabeth; James I.; and Charles I.; aged 152 years, and was buried here, November 15, 1635.

One thing remarkable of this old man is, that at the age of 130, a prosecution was entered against him, in the Spiritual Court for Bastardy, and with such effect that he did penance publicly in the Church for that offence.

---

TO THE MEMORY OF  
JAMES WOLFE,

*Major-General and Commander-in-Chief,*

Of the British Land Forces, on an expedition against Quebec, who, after surmounting by ability and

valour, all obstacles of art and nature, was slain in the moment of Victory, on the 13th of Sept. 1759.

*The King and Parliament of Great Britain dedicated this Monument.*

---

*In the Area of Westminster lie the Remains of*

ANN OF CLEVE,

SISTER OF THE DUKE OF CLEVE,

Who was contracted in marriage to Henry VIII. and received with great pomp on Blackheath, January 3, 1539; married to the King on the 9th; and in July following divorced, with liberty to marry again, but being sensibly touched with the indignity put upon her, she lived retired in England with the title of *Lady Ann of Cleve*, and saw the rival who supplanted her, suffer a worse fate; she survived the King 4 years, and died in 1557.

---

A still more unfortunate Queen lies near this last, *viz.*

ANNE, QUEEN of RICHARD III. and daughter of NEVIL, the GREAT EARL of WARWICK. This Lady was poisoned by that *monster of cruelty* her husband to make way for his marriage with ELIZABETH, daughter of his brother EDWARD IV. and sister of the unhappy youths he had caused to be murdered in the Tower, which marriage he never lived to consummate, being slain at the battle of *Bosworth Field*.

*Here are also the remains of an old Monument of*

SEBERT, KING OF THE EAST SAXONS,

Who first built this Church, and died, July, 616,  
and also of *Athelgoda*, his *Queen*, who died September 13, 615.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Whoever thou art,  
Venerate the memory of *Joseph Addison*,  
In whom Christian faith, virtue and good morals,  
Found a continual Patron ;  
Whose genius was shewn in verse,  
And every exquisite kind of writing ;  
Who gave to posterity the best example  
Of pure language,  
And the best rules for living well,  
Which remain and ever will remain sacred ;  
Whose weight of argument was tempered with wit,  
And accurate judgment with politeness,  
So that he encouraged the good,  
And reformed the improvident,  
Tamed the wicked,  
And in some degree made them in love with virtue.

He was born in the year 1672,  
And his fortune being increased, gradually  
Arrived at length to public honours.

Died in the 48th year of his age,  
The honor and delight of the British nation.



IN MEMORY OF  
THOMAS THYNNE,

*Of Longleat, in the County of Wilts, Esq.*

Who was barbarously murdered on Sunday the 12th  
of February, 1682.

Upon the pedestal, in relief, the story of the murder is depicted ; which murder was conspired by *Count Koningsmarck*, and executed by three Assassins, hired for that purpose, who shot this unhappy gentleman in Pall-Mall, in his own coach. The motive was to obtain the rich *Heiress of Northumberland* in marriage, who in her infancy had been betrothed to the *Earl of Ogle*, but left a widow before consummation ; and afterwards married to *Mr. Thynne*, but being scarce 15, and her mother extremely tender of her, and withal desirous of her having issue, prevailed upon her husband, to suffer her to travel another year, before he bedded her, in which time she became acquainted with *Koningsmarck* at the Court of *Hanover*. Whether she had ever given him any countenance is uncertain, but having no grounds, to hope to obtain her while her husband lived, he in this villainous manner accomplished his death ; but the Lady detested the horrid deed, and soon after married the *Duke of Somerset*. At the time this happened a report was spread that *Mr. Thynne*, debauched a woman of family with £10,000 a year, and basely deserted her.

Whence came the saying, "That he had escaped misfortune, if he had either married the woman he had lain with, or lain with the lady he had married."

## ST. PAUL'S.

*The first Erected was to the Memory of*

JOHN HOWARD,

OPENED TO PUBLIC INSPECTION A. D. 1796.

This statue is placed near the Iron-gate leading to the South Aisle. It is the work of the late *John Bacon, R. A.* and represents the Philanthropist in the act of trampling upon chains and fetters; while bearing in his right hand the key of a prison, and in his left, a scroll, on which is engraved, "Plan for the improvement of Prisons and Hospitals." On the front of the pedestal is a bass-relief representing *Mr. Howard*, while visiting the interior of a prison, and conveying food, and clothing to its distressed inhabitants.

The words *John Howard* are cut in the Marble above the bass-relief.

On one side of the Pedestal *John Bacon, Sculptor*, 1795.

On the other side the following Inscription by the late *Samuel Whitbread, Esq.*

This extraordinary man had the fortune to be honored  
While living,

In the manner his virtues deserved :

He received the thanks

Of both Houses of the British and Irish Parliaments,

For his eminent services rendered to his country

And to mankind.

Our national Prisons and Hospitals,  
 Improved upon the suggestions of his wisdom,  
 Bear testimony to the solidity of his judgment,  
 And to the estimation in which he was held.

In every part of the civilized world,  
 Which he traversed to reduce the sum of human misery;  
 From the Throne to the Dungeon,  
 His name was mentioned with respect,  
 Gratitude and admiration.

His modesty alone  
 Defeated various efforts which were made during  
 His life, to erect this Statue,  
 Which the public has now consecrated to his memory.  
 He was born at *Hackney* in the County of  
*Middlesex*, Sept. 11, 1726.

The early part of his life he spent in retirement,  
 Residing principally upon his paternal estate,  
 At *Cardington* in *Bedfordshire*;  
 For which County he served the Office of Sheriff,  
 In the year 1773.

He expired at *Gherson* in *Russian Tartary*,  
 On the 20th January, 1790,  
 A victim to the perilous and benevolent attempt  
 To ascertain the cause of and find an efficacious  
 Remedy for the Plague.

He trod an open but unfrequented path to immortality,  
 In the ardent and unintermitted exercise of  
 Christian Charity.

May this tribute to his fame  
 Excite an emulation of his truly glorious achievements.

A. P. Q.

SAMUELI JOHNSON,

*Grammatico et Critico,  
 Scriptorum. Anglicorum. Litterate. Perito  
 Pæte. Luminibus. Sententiarum -  
 Et Ponderibus. Verborum. Admirabili  
 Magistro. Virtutis. Gravissimo  
 Homini. Optimo et Singularis. Exempli  
 Qui. Vixit. Ann. LXXV. Mens. II. Dieb XIIIIL.  
 Decessit. Saib. December. Ann. Christ  
 cLC,LcCC,LXXXIIIIL.  
 Sepult. in Aed. Sanct. Petr. Westmonasteriens'  
 XIIIIL. Kal. Januar. Ann. Christ.  
 cLC,LcCC,LXXXV.  
 Amici. et Sodales. Litterarii  
 Pecunia. Conlata  
 HM. Faciund. Curaver.*

---

 TO THE MEMORY OF

SIR WILLIAM JONES, KNIGHT,

One of the Judges  
 Of the supreme Court of Judicature,  
 At *Fort-William* in *Bengal*.  
 This Statue was erected  
*By the Honorable the East India Company,*  
 In testimony  
 Of their grateful sense of his Public services,  
 Their admiration of his genius and learning,  
 And their respect for his character and virtues.  
 He died in *Bengal*,  
 On the 24th of April, 1794, aged 47.

*Erected at the Public expense,*

TO THE MEMORY OF

CAPTAIN GEORGE DUFF,

Who was killed 21st of October, 1805,  
 Commanding the *Mars*,  
 In the battle of *Trafalgar*,  
 In the 42th year of his age,  
 And the 29th year of his service.

---

TO THE MEMORY OF

CHARLES, MARQUIS CORNWALLIS,

*Governor-General of Bengal,*

Who died 5th October, aged 66,  
 At *Ghazee-pore* in the Province of *Benares*,  
 In his progress to assume the Command of the Army  
 In the Field.

This monument  
 Is erected at the Public expense,  
 In testimony  
 Of his high and distinguished Public character,  
 His long and eminent Public services,  
 Both as a Soldier and a Statesman,  
 And the unwearied zeal with which his exertions  
 Were employed in the last moment of his life,  
 To promote the  
 Interest and honour of his country.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

RICHARD RUNDELL BURGESS, Esq.

Commander of his Majesty's ship *Ardent*,  
 Who fell in the 43d year of his age,  
 While bravely supporting the honor  
 Of the British flag :  
 In a daring and successful attempt to break the  
 Enemy's line,  
 Near *Camperdowne* ;  
 On the 11th of October, 1797.  
 His skill, coolness, and intrepidity  
 Eminently contributed to a victory,  
 Equally advantageous and glorious to his country,  
 By the unanimous act of her Legislator,  
 Enrols his name  
 High in the list of those Heroes,  
 Who under the blessing of Providence  
 Have established  
 And maintained her Naval superiority,  
 And her exalted rank among nations.



THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED

*By the British Parliament,*

To commemorate the gallant conduct of

CAPTAIN ROBERT FAULKNOR,

Who on the 5th of January, 1795, in the 32d year  
 Of his age,

And in the moment of Victory,  
Was killed on board the *Blanche* frigate,  
While engaging *La-Pique*, a French frigate of  
Very superior force.

The circumstances of determined bravery,  
That distinguished this Action,  
Which lasted five hours,  
Deserve to be recorded.

*Captain Faulknor* having, observed the great  
Superiority of the Enemy,  
And having lost most of his Masts and Rigging,  
Watched an opportunity of the Bow-sprit of  
The *La-Pique* comming athwart the *Blanche*,  
And with his own hands lashed it to the Capstern,  
And thus converted the whole Stern of the *Blanche*,  
Into one battery ;  
But unfortunately soon after this bold and daring  
Manœuvre,  
He was shot through the heart.

---

#### NATIONAL TO

GEORGE N. HARDINGE, Esq.

*Captain of the St. Fiorenza, 36 Guns, 186 Men,*  
Who attacked on three successive days  
*The La-Piedmontise, 50 Guns, 566 Men,*  
And fell near *Ceylon*, in the path to  
Victory,  
8th March, 1808, aged 28 years.

**MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS DUNDAS,**

*Died, June 3d, 1794, aged 44 years.*

The best tribute to whose merit and public services,  
Will be found in the following Vote  
Of the House of Commons,  
For the erection of this memorial.

5th June, 1795,

*Nemine Contradicente,*

That an humble Address be presented to  
His Majesty,

That he will be graciously pleased to give directions,

That a Monument be erected

In the Cathedral Church,

*Of Saint Paul, London,*

To the Memory of

*Major-General Dundas,*

As a testimony of the grateful sense,

Entertained by this House of the eminent services

Which he rendered to his Country,

Particularly in the reduction of

The French West India Islands.

ERECTED BY THE NATION TO

**MAJOR-GENERAL ROBERT CRAWFORD,**

And

**MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY MACKINNON,**

Who fell at *Cuidad Rodrigo,*

January 18th, 1812.



*Erected at the Public expense,*

TO THE MEMORY OF

GEORGE BLAGDON WESTCOTT,

*Captain of the Majestic ;*

Who after 33 years of meritorious service,  
 Fell gloriously  
 In the Victory obtained over the French Fleet  
 Off *Aboukir*,  
 The first day of August, in the year 1798,  
 In the 46th year of his age.



*Erected at the Public expense,*

TO THE MEMORY OF

ADMIRAL, EARL HOWE,

In testimony of the general sense,  
 Of his great and meritorious services in the course  
 Of a long and distinguished life,  
 And in particular for  
 The benefit derived to his country,  
 By the brilliant Victory which he obtained over  
 The French Fleet off *Ushant*, 1794.

He was born, 19th March, 1726,  
 And died, August 5, 1799,  
 In his 74th year.

THE SERVICES AND DEATH  
Of Two Valiant and distinguished Officers,

JAMES ROBERT MOSSE,  
*Captain of the Monarch,*

AND

EDWARD RIOU,  
*Of the Amazon ;*

Who fell in the attack upon *Copenhagen*,  
Conducted by LORD NELSON,  
2nd April, 1801,  
Are commemorated by this Monument,  
Erected at the National expense.

---

JAMES ROBERT MOSSE,

Was born in 1746 ;

He served as *Lieutenant* several years under  
LORD HOWE,  
And was promoted to the rank  
Of Post Captain, in 1790.

---

TO EDWARD RIOU,

Who was born in 1762 ;

An extraordinary occasion was presented  
In the early part of his service,  
To signalize his intrepidity and presence of mind,

Which were combined with the most anxious  
Solicitude for the lives of those under his command,  
And a magnanimous disregard of his own.

When his Ship the *Guardian*,  
Struck upon an Island of Ice,  
In December, 1789,  
And afforded no prospect but that of immediate  
Destruction to those on board.

*Lieut. Riou* encouraged all who desired to take  
Their chance of preserving themselves in the boats,  
To consult their safety ;  
But judging it contrary to his own duty  
To desert the vessel,  
He neither gave himself up to despair,  
Nor relaxed his exertions ;

Whereby after Ten weeks of the most perilous  
Navigation,  
He succeeded in bringing his disabled Ship into Port,  
Receiving this high reward  
Of Fortitude and Perseverance,  
From the divine Providence  
On whose protection he relied.

---

NATIONAL MONUMENT TO  
MAJOR-GENERAL J. R. MACKENZIE,  
AND  
BRIGADIER-GENERAL R. LANGWORTH,  
Who fell at *Talavera*,  
July 26th, 1809.

*Erected at the Public expense,*

TO THE MEMORY OF

*Lieut.-General*

SIR RALPH ABERCROMBY, K. B.

*Commander-in-Chief*

Of an expedition directed against  
 The French in *Egypt*;  
 Who having surmounted with consummate ability  
 And Valour,  
 The obstacles opposed to his landing,  
 By local difficulties, and a powerful and well prepared  
 Enemy,  
 And having successfully established,  
 And maintained the successive positions  
 Necessary for conducting his further operations,  
 Resisted, with signal advantage,  
 A desperate attack of chosen and Veteran troops,  
 On the 21st of March, 1801,  
 When he received in the engagement a mortal wound;  
 But remained in the Field,  
 Guiding by his direction, and animating by  
 His presence,  
 The brave Troops under his command,  
 Until they had achieved the brilliant and important  
 Victory,  
 Obtained on that memorable day.

The former Actions of a long life spent in the service  
 Of his country,  
 And thus gloriously terminated,

---

Were distinguished by the same Military skill,  
 And by equal zeal for the Public service,  
 Particularly during the campaigns in the *Netherlands*,  
 In 1793, and 94 ;

In the *West Indies*, in 1796, and 97 ;

And in *Holland*, 1799,

In the last of which the distinguished  
 Gallantry and ability

With which he effected his landing

On the *Dutch* coast,

Established his positions in the face

Of a powerful Enemy,

And secured the Command of the principal Fort,

And Arsenal of the Dutch Republic,

Were acknowledged and honored by the Thanks

Of both Houses of Parliament.

*Sir Ralph Abercromby* expired on board the  
*Foudroyant*, the 28th of March, 1801,  
 In his 66th year.

---

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

*Lieutenant-General*

SIR JOHN MOORE, K. B.

Who was born at *Glasgow*, in the year 1761.

He fought for his country

In America, in Corsica, in the West Indies,

In Holland, Egypt, and Spain :

And on the 16th of January, 1809,

Was slain by a cannon-ball,

At *Corunna*.

*Erected at the Public expense,*

TO THE MEMORY OF

CUTHBERT, LORD COLLINGWOOD,

Who died in the Command  
Of the Fleet in the Mediterranean, on board  
The *Ville de Paris*,  
7th of March, 1810, in the 61st year of his age.

Wherever he served he was distinguished,  
For conduct, skill, and courage,  
Particularly in the action with the French fleet,  
1st June, 1794,

As Captain of the *Barfleur*.

In the action with the Spanish fleet,  
14th February, 1797,

As Captain of the *Excellent* ;  
But most conspicuously in the decisive Victory  
Off *Cape-Trafalgar*,  
Obtained over the combined fleets  
Of *France* and *Spain*,

To which he eminently contributed as  
*Vice-Admiral* of the *Blue*,  
Commanding the lar-board division,  
21st October, 1805.

*Erected at the Public expense,*

TO THE MEMORY OF

MAJOR-GENERAL HOGHTON,

Who fell gloriously, 16th May, 1811, at Albuera.

*Erected at the Public expense,*

TO THE MEMORY OF

*Lieutenant-Colonel*

SIR WILLIAM MYERS, BART.

Who fell gloriously in the Battle of *Albuera*,  
May 16, 1811, aged 27 years.

His illustrious Commander the *Duke of Wellington*,  
Bore this honorable testimony

To his services and abilities

In a Letter to *Lady Myers*, written from *Elvas*,  
May 20, 1811.

“ It will be some satisfaction for you to know that your Son fell in the Action, in which, if possible, the British troops surpassed all their former deeds, and at the head of the *Fusilier Brigade*, to which a great part of the final success of the day, was to be attributed. As an Officer he had already been highly distinguished, and if Providence had prolonged his life, he promised to become one of the brightest ornaments to his profession, and an honor to his country.”

---

*Erected at the Public expense,*

TO THE MEMORY OF

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ISAAC BROCK,

Who gloriously fell,  
On the 13th of October, 1812,  
In resisting an attack on  
*Queenstown*, in *Upper Canada*.

*Erected at the Public expense,*

TO THE MEMORY OF

*Major-General*

JOHN GASPARD LE-MARCHANT,

Who gloriously fell in

The Battle of

SALAMANCA.



HERE LIETH

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN, KNIGHT,

The Builder of this Cathedral Church

Of *St. Paul*,

Who died in the year of Our Lord

M,D,CCXXIII,

And of his age XCI.

The Tomb of *Sir C. Wren*, in the South Aisle of  
the crypt, is supposed to mark the spot where  
the High Altar formerly stood.



# IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

---

IN MEMORY OF

BENJAMIN BROOKSON,

Who was drowned near *Kew-bridge*,  
July 7, 1816.

Reader beneath this tributary stone,  
The ashes of a youthful victim lie,  
Whose early years with virtuous lustre shone,  
Whose fate recalls the sympathetic sigh.

He sought, oppress'd by summer's sultry  
sun,  
The grateful coolness of the chrystal wave ;  
And found where Richmond's rapid currents  
run,  
On Thames' deceitful shore a wat'ry grave.

Confiding in that Providence above,  
Which guides the course of man's myste-  
rious doom ;  
O'erwhelm'd with grief, a sorrowing father's  
love,  
Has rais'd this unadorn'd and humble stone.

**In the Guild-Hall, in the City of London.**

---

**TO HORATIO, VISCOUNT NELSON,**

*Vice-Admiral of the White,*  
**And Knight of the most honorable order of the Bath.**

A man amongst the few, who appear  
 At different periods to have been created,  
 To promote the grandeur,  
 And add to the security of nations.

Inciting by their high example, their fellow mortals,  
 Through all succeeding times, to pursue  
 The course that leads to the exaltation of our  
 Imperfect nature.

Providence that implanted in *Nelson's* breast,  
 An ardent passion for deserved renown,  
 Had bounteously endowed him,  
 With the transcendant talents, necessary to the  
 Great purpose he was destined to accomplish.

At an early period of his life,  
 He entered into the Naval services of his Country,  
 And early were the instances,  
 Which marked the fearless nature,  
 And daring enterprize of his character.

Uniting to the loftiest spirit,  
 And the justest title to self-confidence,  
 A strict and humble obedience,  
**To the Sovereign rule of Discipline and Subordination.**

Rising by due gradation to Command,  
 He infused into the bosoms of those he led,  
 The valorous ardour and enthusiastic zeal for  
 The service of his King and Country,  
 Which animated his own.

And while he acquired the love of all,  
 By the sweetness and moderation of his temper.  
 He inspired universal confidence,  
**In the never-failing resources of his capacious mind.**

It will be for History to relate,  
 The many great exploits through which  
 Solicitous of peril, and regardless of wounds,  
 He became the glory of his Profession.

But it belongs to this brief record  
 Of his illustrious career, to say that he commanded  
 And conquered at the Battles of  
*The Nile and Copenhagen ;*  
 Victories never before equalled,  
 Yet afterwards surpassed by his own last achievement,  
*The Battle of Trafalgar,*  
 Fought on the 21st day of October, 1805.

On that day before the conclusion of the Action,  
 He fell mortally wounded,  
 But the sources of life and sense failed not,  
 Until it was made known to him  
 That the destruction of the Enemy being completed,  
 The glory of his Country, and his own,  
 Had attained their summit;

Then laying his hand on his brave heart,  
 With a look of exalted resignation to the will of the  
 Supreme Disposer of the fate of men and nations,  
 He expired.

The *Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council* of the *City of London*, have caused this monument to be erected, not in the presumptuous hope of sustaining the departed Hero's memory ; but to manifest their estimation of the man, and their admiration of his deeds. This testimony of their gratitude they trust will remain, as long as their own renowned City shall exist.

*The period to NELSON's fame can only be the end  
 of time.*

---

**In Poplar Church and Church-Yard.**

---

ON GEORGE STEVENS, Esq.

Who died in the 64th year of his age, 1800.

Peace to these reliques once the bright attire,  
 Of spirit sparkling with no common fire !  
 How oft has pleasure in the social hour,  
 Smil'd at his wit's exhilarating power !

And truth attested with delight intense,  
The serious charms of his colloquial sense,  
His talents varying as the diamond's ray,  
Could strike the grave or fascinate the gay.

His critic labours of unwearied force,  
Collected light from every distant source ;  
Want with such true beneficence he cheer'd,—  
All that his bounty gave his zeal endear'd.

Learning as vast as mental pow'r could seize,  
In sport displaying and with graceful ease ;  
Lightly the path of chequer'd life he trod,  
Careless of chance confiding in his God !

---

---

ON

JOSEPH PINDER PORTER,

*Died*, 1806,

Aged 16 years.

Ah ! how uncertain are the days of men,  
Certain to die, and yet uncertain when ;  
An instance here you have before your eyes,  
How soon the healthiest man's cut down and dies ;  
At morn I was in health, the same at noon,  
But ere the night was gone my glass was run.

**Lime-House Church-Yard.**

---

ON MRS. CHARLOTTE GARBUTT,

*Who died in 1812, aged 26 years.*

Why start ! the case is yours, or will be soon,  
Some years perhaps, perhaps another moon ;  
Life in its utmost span is but a breath,  
And those who longest sleep, must wake in death.

---

IN MEMORY OF

THOMAS CLARE,

*Who was drowned at Seaford,*

September 7th, 1809, aged 46.

How melancholy was the news,  
To those I lov'd so dear ;  
To hear my precious life was gone,  
Assistance none was near.  
Forbear your tears my children dear,  
My wife your grief refrain ;  
For tho' I'm absent from you here,  
We soon shall meet again.

## ON THOMAS JONES,

*Aged 56, died, 1813.*

A pale consumption gave the fatal blow,  
 The stroke was certain but th' effect was slow,  
 With lingering pain, death saw him sore oppress'd,  
 Pitied his sighs and kindly gave him rest.

---

## ON FRANCES JOHNSON,

*Who died in good health without a moment's warning.*

The voice of this alarming scene,  
 May every heart obey ;  
 Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,  
 That calls to watch and pray !

---

## ON SUSANNAH BUCKLER,

*Aged 62.*

No trust in self, on firmer ground she stood,  
 Her hope was founded on a Saviour's blood ;  
 A sinner sav'd who in death's trying hour,  
 Did cast her soul, on Jèsus' love and pow'r.  
 And now with myriads of the ransom'd race,  
 Ascribes her bliss to free and sov'reign grace ;  
 As such her happy lot, then why complain,  
 My loss, tho' great, is her eternal gain.

**St. Saviour's Church,**  
*In the Borough of Southwark.*

---

FROM AN ANCIENT MONUMENT.

Like to the damask rose you see,  
 Or like the blossom on the tree;  
 Or like the dainty flow'r of May,  
 Or like the morning of the day.  
 Or like the sun, or like the shade,  
 Or like the gourd which Jonah made;  
 Ev'n so is man whose thread is spun,  
 Drawn out and cut, and so is done.  
 The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,  
 The flow'rs fade, the morning hasteth;  
 The sun sets, the shadow flies,  
 The gourd consumes, and man he dies.

---

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE  
 REV. WILLIAM WENKWORTH,

*Late Chaplain of this Parish.*

Pious without ostentation,  
 Zealous with discretion,  
 Active in the cause of distress,  
 Humble and laborious,  
 In the ministry of the word,  
 He fell asleep in Jesus, a debtor to grace.  
 August 22, 1804, in his 54th year.



THOMAS SWAIN,

*Died, 22d May, 1772, aged 60,*

SARAH his Relict,

*Died, June 29th, aged 74 ;*

Also, their Grandson,

*Died, 1784, aged 3 Months.*

Here kindred ashes blend, a matron worn  
With length of years ; a grandson lately born ;  
To one to share the toils of life was given,  
And one just past us on his way to Heav'n.  
Both the same lesson learned, the one was taught  
By long experience, that this world has nought ;  
But bitter draughts, and one when given to taste,  
Sipp'd like its Saviour and refused the rest ;  
We both were pilgrims and far off from home,  
And far remov'd we trust from ills to come.

---

EDWARD ROBINSON BREWER,

*Ob. 20th July, 1652,*

And his Two Sons, Edward and Richard.

*The grave stone is thus inscribed :—*

Underneath this stone lie three,  
Join'd by consanguinity ;  
The father he did lead the way,  
(His sons made haste, death could not stay,)

The eldest son the next did go,  
 The younger might in vain say, No;  
 But as they all received their breath,  
 So did they soon resign to death;  
 For to enjoy that heav'nly rest,  
 Which is ordain'd for those who are blest.

---

*In the Cross-Aisle,*

A monument of marble and other stone, at the north end of this aisle, adorned with columns, entablature, and arched piedment of the Ionic order; also the figure of the deceased, habited in a gown lined with fur and cumbent, his head reposing on the palm of his right hand, in the left a book, also a cherub.

Here *Lockyer* lies interr'd, enough his name  
 Speaks, one hath few competitors in fame;  
 A name so great, so general it may scorn  
 Inscriptions which do vulgar tombs adorn!  
 A diminution 'tis to write in verse  
 His eulogies which most men's mouths rehearse;  
 His virtues and his pills are so well known,  
 That envy can't confine them under stone;  
 But they'll survive his dust, and not expire  
 Till all things else at the universal fire.  
 This verse is lost, his pills embalm him safe  
 To future times without an epitaph.

Deceased, April 26, A. D. 1672, aged 72.

## A MONUMENT

*On the west Wall of the south stern of the Cross-Aisle.*

*Inscribed :—*

Monumentum viri just.

IN MEMORY OF

JOHN SYMONS,

*Citizen and White Baker, London ;*

Who departed this life, the 10th of August, 1625, .

And was a good benefactor unto this parish, who gave to the poor £8. per annum for ever, to be distributed on the feast-day of *St. Thomas*, before Christmas, and unto *St. George's* parish *Southwark*, the sum of £10. per annum for ever ; and unto the parish of *St. Mary's, Newington* in *Surry*, the sum £5. per annum for ever. These sums to come unto the parishes, after the decease of his father *Samuel Symons*, who yet liveth, in the year 1631.

His flesh interr'd here once contain'd a spirit,  
Who by God's mercy and a Saviour's merit,  
Departed in that constant hope of trust,  
To reign eternally among the just ;  
To live and die well, was his whole endeavour,  
And in assurance died to live for ever.

*Here were also buried*

THOMAS YOUNG, CLARENCEX

*King at Arms ;*

WILLIAM, LORD SEALES ;

WILLIAM, EARL WARREN ;

JOHN BUCKLAND GLOVER ;

1635.

*With this Epitaph :—*

Not twice ten years of age, a weary breath  
Have I exchang'd for a happy death ;  
My course so short, the longer is my rest,  
God takes them soonest, whom he loveth best ;  
For he that's born to-day and dies to-morrow,  
Loseth some time of rest, but more of sorrow.

---

---

ON A STONE

*In the New Chapel, under the Grocer's-Arms.*

*Garret* some call'd him, but that was too high,  
His name is *Garrard* who now here doth lie ;  
He in his youth was toss'd by many a wave,  
But now at port arriv'd, rests in his grave.

The Church he did frequent while he had breath,  
And wish'd to lie therein after his death ;  
Weep not for him, since he is gone before  
To Heav'n, where grocers there are many more.

HERE ALSO,

On the 28th of November, 1807,

*Was buried*

ABRAHAM NEWLAND, Esq.

Fifty years the faithful and diligent Cashier to the  
Bank of England.

---

**Bermondsey Church-Yard,**

---

ON CAPTAIN RANDLE FOREMAN,

*Who died, 1st April, 1818,*

Aged 62 years.

This life's a voyage, the world's a sea,  
Where men are strangely toss'd about :  
Heaven's our port, steer thou that way,  
There thou shalt anchor safe no doubt.

---

ON TWO BABES.

Sleep lovely babes and take your rest,  
God calls them first, that he loves best.

## ON MARY SNELL,

*Aged 16.*

Consumption like, with rapid pow'r,  
 Hath nipt the bud of this most beauteous flow'r ;  
 We've lost thee—'tis the will of Him who gave,  
 To lay thy sorrows in the silent grave.  
 To waft thy virtuous soul to realms above,  
 Where all is happiness, and all is love ;  
 Through thy Redeemer's love, to hear thee hence,  
 Thy patient sufferings there to recompense.  
 Let it be ours to own the hand of God,  
 And humbly bend, beneath his chast'ning rod ;  
 That when Christ calls us, we may joyful rise,  
 And meet to part no more beyond the skies.

---

 MARTHA FARMER,
*Died, 1780 ; aged 16.*

A soul prepar'd needs no delay,  
 The summons comes, the saints obey ;  
 Swift was her flight and short the road,  
 She clos'd her eyes, and saw her God.

---

A virtuous careful and industrious wife,  
 Each duty fill'd thro' every stage of life ;  
 Attend ye females of the rising race,  
 Her virtues copy, and her footsteps trace.

## TO THE MEMORY OF

MR. DAVID WIGHTMAN,

*Formerly of Cumberland, near Carlisle ; but late of  
Artillery-Street, Bermondsey ;*

*Who died, 11th January, 1814 ; aged 28.*

His death was occasioned by a Cut in his Thumb.

Stop traveller and drop a tear,  
My time is gone, and yours draws near ;  
Oh my dear friends ! prepare in time,  
For I was called in my prime.

In love he liv'd, in peace he died,  
His life was crav'd but God denied.

Go home dear wife and children dear,  
I must lie here till Christ appear ;  
And if you will from grief refrain,  
I hope in Christ we'll meet again.

*Also of*

MARGARET WIGHTMAN,

*Sister of the above,*

Who died, 22d September, 1811 ; aged 21 years.

## ON AN INFANT.

Weep not my friend's since God all good and wise,  
Hath pleas'd to take me spotless to the skies.

TO THE MEMORY OF  
MR. JAMES BLACK,  
*Oil and Colour Man,*

Aged 31 ;

ELIZABETH, HIS WIFE,

*Aged 25 ;*

MARIA, THEIR DAUGHTER,

*Aged 3 years and 5 months ;*

Who were unfortunately suffocated in the dreadful  
fire, at their house, No. 150, *Bermondsey-*  
*Street*, June 23, 1817.

*Also of*

EMILY, THEIR INFANT DAUGHTER,

*Aged 7 months ;*

Who died, 5th July, following, in consequence of the  
above calamitous event.

Stay passenger, oh stay ! and drop a tear,  
For the awful doom of those that moulder here,  
Sad proof alas ! how quickly fate destroys,  
The airy fabric of our earthly joys ;  
And while you tread so near the hallow'd spot,  
Reflect how soon the grave may be your lot ;  
A lesson from their destiny receive,  
And be prepar'd,—'tis but to justly live.



IN MEMORY OF

SERJEANT MONRO,

*Who fell in the Battle of Waterloo,*

June 18, 1815 ; aged 21 years.

Thy morning flow'r has dropt its drooping head,  
And thou art numbered now among the dead ;  
Rest precious dust, till heav'n thy worth reveal,  
Thy judge will publish, what thy friends conceal.

---

ON JANE ROY,

*Aged 15 months.*

Early remov'd from bleak misfortunes pow'r,  
Secure from storms, here rests a tender flow'r ;  
Sleep on sweet babe, high heav'n's all gracious king,  
Hath to eternal summer chang'd thy spring.

---

ANN MONDAY,

*Died, 2d December, 1812 ; aged 29 years.*

My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;  
Then burst the chains with sweet surprize,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.

## IN MEMORY OF

MRS. CATHARINE HENBEST,

*Died, 25th July, 1794 ; aged 72 years.*

Blame not this monumental stone we raise,  
 'Tis to the Saviour, not the sinner's praise ;  
 Sin was the whole that she could call her own,  
 Her good was all deriv'd from Him alone.  
 To sin, her conflicts, pains and griefs she ow'd,  
 Her conquering faith and patience he bestow'd ;  
 Reader may thou obtain, like precious faith,  
 To smile in anguish and rejoice in death.

*Also of*

JOHN HENBEST,

*Died, 5th March, 1803 ; aged 74.*

They died in Jesus' and are blest,  
 How soft their slumbers are,  
 From suff'ring and from sin releas'd,  
 And freed from every snare.  
 Far from this world of toil and strife,  
 They're present with the Lord,  
 The labours of their mortal life  
 End in a large reward.



ON MR. FINDLAY, AND FAMILY.

To record their virtues here, would be a vain attempt,  
 But know, oh reader ! they are registered elsewhere.

JOHN SEEX,

*Died, 1818 ; aged 38 years.*

Here lieth waiting for immortal life,  
 The tender husband of a loving wife ;  
 Good was his heart, and in his friendship sound,  
 Patient in pain, and lov'd by all around ;  
 His pains are o'er, his grief for ever done,  
 A life of everlasting joy, he's now begun.



IN MEMORY OF

MR. CHARLES RICHARD,

*Died, 20th May, 1809 ; aged 50.*

How lov'd, how valu'd once, avails thee not,  
 To whom related, or by whom begot ;  
 A lump of dust, alone remains of thee,  
 'Tis all thou art, or all the proud shall be.

POPE.



ON AN INFANT.

Dear prattling child to all our hearts most dear,  
 Long shall we bathe thy memory with a tear ;  
 Farewell ! too promising on earth to dwell,  
 Sweetest of fondlings, best of babes farewell

IN MEMORY OF

MRS. MARGARET SHAW,

*Died, 5th May, 1816 ; aged 53.*

Think of her fate, revere the heav'nly hand,  
That led her hence, at length by steps so slow ;  
Long at her couch, death took his patient stand,  
And menaced oft, and oft with-held the blow.

---

MRS. ELIZA ROBERTS,

*Died, 1796 ; aged 51 years.*

My dear Redeemer is above,  
Him I am gone to see,  
And all my friends in Christ below,  
Shall soon come after me.

---

JOHN MAYHEW,

*Aged 28 years ; died, 1818.*

A pleasing mind, a just and generous heart,  
A good companion, honest without art ;  
Just in his dealings, faithful to his friend,  
Belov'd thro' life, lamented in his end.

IN MEMORY OF

MR. JOHN YATES,

*Died, 20th July, 1807 ; aged 32 years.*

Taught by affliction, in his vig'rous youth,  
 To quit dark error for enlighten'd truth ;  
 His chasten'd spirit meekly kiss'd the rod,  
 And fled with pious hope to meet his God.

---

 MRS. ELIZABETH JORDAN,
*Died, 31st January, 1781 ; aged 69.*

She was an affectionate wife, a kind companion,  
 And a faithful friend, her liberal hand  
     Aided by her benevolent heart,  
 Was ever ready to comfort the distressed,  
     And ease the sorrows of pining want,  
 Which gained her the esteem of all who knew her.

---

 MRS. ANN, Wife of CAPTAIN SAMSON,
*Died, March 15, 1802 ; aged 42 years.*

Faithfulness, virtue and modesty,  
 Are the noblest ornaments of a wife,  
 In commemoration of which this stone was  
 Erected by him who lives to lament his loss.

## Stepney Church-Yard.

---

At the East end of the Church, on the outside, is a  
 spacious marble monument against the wall,  
 adorned with a cherub, urn volutas, palm,  
 branches, and the arms namely: Five  
 paly of six or, and azure on a  
 bend sable three mullets, of  
 the first impaled with azure  
 and amulet, and fish,  
 between two bends  
*wavy argent.*

With the following Inscription :—

*Here lies interred the body of*  
 DAME REBECCA BERRY,  
*The Wife of Thomas Ellon, of Stratford-bow, gent.*

Who departed this life, April 26, 1696 ;

*Aged 52 years.*

Come ladies, you that would appear  
 Like angels fair, come dress you here ;  
 Come dress you at this marble stone,  
 And make that humble grace your own,

Which once adorn'd as fair a mind,  
 As ere yet lodg'd in woman kind.  
 So she was dress'd, whose humble life  
 Was free from pride, was free from strife ;  
 Free from all envious brawls and scars,  
 Of human life, the civil wars ;  
 These ne'er disturb'd her peaceful mind,  
 Which still was gentle, still was kind.  
 Her very looks, her garb, her mein,  
 Disclos'd the humble soul within ;  
 Trace her thro' every scene of life,  
 View her as virgin, widow, wife ;  
 Still the same humble she appears,  
 The same in youth, the same in years ;  
 The same in low—in high estate,  
 Ne'er vex'd with this, ne'er mov'd with that.  
 Go ladies now, and if you'd be  
 As fair, as great, as good as she,        }  
 Go learn of her humility.

*Mr. Lysons* has inserted a note on this Coat of Arms, which I shall insert, " This Coat of Arms, which exactly corresponds with that borne by *Ventriss* of *Cambridgeshire*, (as described in the visitation of that County, at the *Herald's College*, C, XI. p. 23.) has given rise to a tradition that *Lady Berry* was the Heroine of a popular ballad, called *The Cruel Knight* or *Fortunate Farmer's Daughter*."

The story of which is briefly this :—

A Knight passing by a cottage, hears the cries of a woman in labour, his knowledge in the occult science, informs him, that the child then born was destined to be his wife ; his endeavours to elude the decrees of fate, and avoid so ignoble an alliance, by

various attempts to destroy the child, are defeated. At length when grown to woman's state, he takes her to the sea side, intending to drown her, but relents ; at the same time throwing a ring into the sea, he commands her never to see his face again, on pain of instant death, unless she can produce that ring. She afterwards becomes a cook, and finds the ring in a-cod fish, as she is dressing it for dinner.—The marriage takes place of course.

---

IN MEMORY OF

MISS MARY HODGON,

*Late of Kingston-upon-Hull,*

Who died, 10th November, 1813 ; aged 18 years.

The wintry blast of death kills not the buds of virtue,  
                                     No they spread  
 Beneath the heavenly beams of brighter suns,  
                     Through endless ages into higher powers.

---

ON AN INFANT.

Once lovely and dearly belov'd,  
 This grave doth an infant enclose,  
 Whose spirit we trust is remov'd,  
                     From pain to eternal repose.



Under a stone, South from the Church, was interred  
the *Pilgrim*, as he was commonly called.

It had this Inscription :—

*Here remains all that was mortal of*

MR. ROGER CRABB,

Who entered into eternity, the 11th September, 1680 ;

*Aged 60.*

Tread gently, reader, near the dust,  
Committed to this tomb-stone's trust ;  
For while 'twas flesh it held a guest,  
With universal love possess't,  
A soul that stunn'd opinions try'd,  
Did over sects in triumph ride.  
Yet separate from the giddy crowd,  
And paths tradition had allow'd ;  
Through good and ill report he past,  
Oft censur'd, yet approv'd at last ;  
Would'st thou his religion know, }  
In brief 'twas this : to all to do, }  
Just as he would be done unto. }  
So in kind nature's laws he stood, }  
A temple undefil'd with blood, }  
A friend to every thing was good. }  
The rest, angels alone can fitly tell,  
Haste then to them and him, and so farewell.

## TO THE MEMORY OF

The following persons, who all suffered in a  
conflagration, on one day, and one  
hour, at the *Three Cranes, Mile-end*  
*Road*, the 3d of June, 1803.

MRS. BARBARA FORD,

*Aged 71 years ;*

MR. JOSEPH WILLIAMS,

*Aged 42 years ;*

MARY his WIFE, and DAUGHTER of the above.

MRS. BARBARA FORD,

*Aged 39 years ;*

ESTHER WILLIAMS,

*Aged 13 years ;*

JOSEPH WILLIAMS,

*Aged 9 years ;*

AND

RICHARD WILLIAMS,

*Aged 7 years ;*

Children of the aforesaid

JOSEPH and MARY WILLIAMS.

Tremendous God, thy sov'reign power,  
Consum'd to atoms in an hour ;  
Nor spar'd a father, mother, or a son,  
Nor any to relate, how it begun ;  
Yet we must own that thou art just,  
And we are wretched sinful dust.

IN MEMORY OF  
JOSEPH PARKER,  
*Of Ratcliff,*

Died, 10th May, 1816 ; aged 32 years,  
*And of his Infant Son.*

Reckless of worth, and time, and place,  
Meridian strength and infant bloom,  
Death snatches from our fond embrace,  
And plunges in the darksome tomb.  
Affection o'er the sacred shrine,  
Indulges oft her deep drawn sighs,  
But soothing hope, with voice divine  
Whispers of realms beyond the skies.

---

TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. ISABELA BROWNING,

Who died, October 19, 1783 ; aged 50 years.

Reader!

If contemplation leads thee in this mournful path,  
Thou wilt not refuse a sigh, in memory of her  
Who was one of the loveliest of her sex ;  
She was no less conspicuous  
For her tender and sincere affections as a wife,  
Than for her fondness and strict attention  
To the education of her children.  
As a mother she died regretted by all her friends,  
But her loss was most severely felt  
By her disconsolate family.

IN MEMORY OF  
MARY ROBINSON,

Who died, October 13, 1814 ; Aged 40 years.

Long lingering on the borders of the grave,  
From which no skill on earth had power to save,  
In racking pains, I spent my daily breath,  
But found no refuge, till reliev'd by death.

---

ON ELIZABETH OLEISON CLARK,

*An Infant.*

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,  
Death came with friendly care ;  
Convey'd to Heav'n the earthly bud,  
And bade it blossom there.

---

IN MEMORY OF  
ROBERT OLDFRED,

*Mariner,*

Died, 26th December, 1816 ; aged 45.

From toils and troubles on the main,  
Death kindly set me free ;  
That now O God, I may obtain  
Eternal life from thee.

TO THE MEMORY OF  
COWIN DUNCAN CHAMBERS,  
*Master Mariner,*

Who died, March 20, 1815 ; aged 41 years.

God and religion did his hours employ,  
Goodness his choice, and charity his joy ;  
Cheerful thro' life, in every healthful scene,  
In sickness patient, and in death serene,  
Translated hence to God, thro' Christ approv'd,  
We hope to triumph in that world above.

---

ADMIRAL SIR JOHN LEAK,

Who was Commander-in-Chief of her late Majesty  
*Queen Anne's* fleet, died, 21st August, 1720, aged  
64 years, and was interred in this Church-yard.

---

IN MEMORY OF  
LUKE FLEMING,

Who died, February 16, 1804 ; aged 33.

How strangely fond of life, poor mortals be.  
Who that should see this bed, would change with me ;  
Yet gentle reader, tell me which is best,  
The toilsome journey, or the traveller's rest.

In Stepney Church, on the south side of the Chancel :

*Hereunder was laid up, the body of*

THOMAS SPERT, KNT.

Sometime comptroller of the Navy to King Henry VIII. and both the first founder and master of the worthy Society or Corporation of *Trinity-House*. He lived ennobled by his own worth, and died, the 8th September, 1541 ; to whose pious memory the said Corporation have gratefully erected this memorial.

Not that he needed monument of stone,  
For his well-gotten fame to rest upon ;  
But this was rear'd to testify that he  
Lives in their loves, that yet surviving be,  
For unto virtue, who first rais'd his name,  
He left the preservation of the same ;  
And to posterity remain it shall,  
When brass and marble monuments do fall ;  
Learn for to die, while thou hast breath,  
So shalt thou live after thy death.

---

**In Islington Church-Yard.**

---

IN MEMORY OF

JOHN AND MARY BLOUNT.

Here sleep within the grave's contracted span,  
Let those lay claim to higher praise who can, }  
A blameless woman, and an upright man.

I.

## IN MEMORY OF

MR. JOHN THOMAS PRICE,

Died, 26th February, 1817 ; aged 28 years.

Lamented *Price*, death's zealous dart  
 O'ertook thee, ere thy race half run ;  
 Death pierc'd in thee, the noblest heart,  
 Tho' deathless science claim'd her son.  
 Too good for aught beneath the skies,  
 Too great for life's contracted sphere ;  
 Thou art gone to gladden angels' eyes,  
 But leav'st thy friends to mourn thee here.

---

Here stop, my friend ! these humble lines peruse,  
 The artless product of a rustic muse :  
 Canst thou look round, and yet forbear to weep,  
 Where swells " the earth in many a mouldering  
 heap ?"

Canst thou unmoved the solemn scene survey,  
 Or walk unthinking o'er thy kindred clay ?

---

## IN MEMORY OF

MRS. ANN NICHOLAS,

Who died, February 18, 1776 ; aged 36.

Reader ! Seek not on this perishable stone,  
 An eulogium of her many virtues,  
 They are far more indelibly engraven on the hearts  
 Of her surviving parents,  
 Her afflicted husband, her infant children,  
 And sympathizing friends.

READER,—

*Near this stone lieth the mortal remains of*

MR. ROBERT SUTTON,

Who died,

*April 23, 1813.*

A sinner by nature and a transgressor by practice,  
 Saved (if saved from the justice of God),  
 By that grace alone,  
 Which flows through the righteous atonement  
 And mediation of Jesus Christ our Lord ;  
 Seek it reader, seek that blessing,  
 And death will be your eternal gain.

---

---

IN MEMORY OF

MR. SAMUEL JONES,

*Of Hereford,*

TRAVELLER ;

Died, 27th August, 1795 ; aged 58.

Sweet solitude, when life's gay hours are past,  
 Where ere we rove, we fix in thee at last ;  
 Toss'd thro' tempestuous seas, the voyage o'er,  
 Pale we look back, and bless the happy shore.



**Newington church-yard.**

---

IN MEMORY OF

**MR. HUGH FAIRNEY,**

**Died, July 6, 1807 ; aged 51 years.**

Alas ! he's gone, and here his ashes rest,  
A man whose virtues made him truly blest,  
Stay passenger, and heave the gentle sigh,  
To think that worth so great, alas ! must die.

Ye chosen few of soft-ey'd pity's train,  
Whose hearts re-echo to each plaintive strain ;  
Mourn, mourn ! for him, whose life we could not  
save,  
And drop a tear of sorrow on his grave.

---

**ON A BABE.**

Oh sweetest child ! for Heav'nly joys design'd,  
Not left to know the troubles of mankind ;  
Tho' human frailty makes thy parents weep,  
Yet thou in innocence, dost sweetly sleep ;  
Thy soul to Paradise is softly fled,  
There to await, till Christ shall raise the dead ;  
Then to Heav'n, he will thy soul translate,  
All joys to know at once, would be two great.

## IN MEMORY OF

MRS. MARGARET FOOT,

Who died, 31st August, 1793 ; aged 43.

Not words alone shall strive her name to raise,  
 For virtuous actions will attest her praise ;  
 Her charity and friendship, both combin'd,  
 To raise esteem, and elevate her mind ;  
 Death's conquering arm, alas ! has put an end,  
 Both to the generous patron and the friend :  
 And now above, among the happy blest,  
 She dwells in peace and everlasting rest.

---

ON M. C.

Departed spirit be thy purpose this,  
 From earth reclaim'd, to Heav'n thy native sphere,  
 To feel thro' countless ages, equal bliss,  
 Thy presence gave to those, who lov'd thee dear.

---

ELIZA STONE,

Aged 6 years.

Forgive blest shades, the tributary tear,  
 That mourns thy exit, from a world like this ;  
 Forgive the wish, that would have kept thee here,  
 And stay'd thy progress to the realms of bliss.

IN MEMORY OF

MRS. SARAH EDWARDS,

Died, 1816 ;

*Aged 41 years.*

Here rests a woman, good without pretence,  
Bless'd with plain reason, and good sober sense ;  
Passion and pride, were to her soul unknown,  
Convinc'd that virtue only is our own.  
Heav'n, as is purest gold by tortures tried,  
The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died.

POPE.

---

---

CAPTAIN EDMUNDS,

ROYAL NAVY ;

Died, 1818 ;

*Aged 55.*

He's gone, he's past the gloomy shade of  
night,  
We trust safe landed in the realms of light,  
Happy exchange, to part with all below,  
For worlds of bliss, where joys unfading flow, }  
And sainted souls, with love and rapture glow. }

## MISS PATIENCE CHURCHILL,

Died, 29th September, 1768 ; aged 26.

If by the course of time, we from her birth  
 Compute, how long she suffer'd here on earth,  
 Short was her date, she wither'd in her pride,  
 The flow'r scarce open'd, ere it droop'd and died ;  
 But if we measure by a juster rule  
 The height she reach'd in virtue's sacred school,  
 Far longer was her span, few there appears  
 So grac'd by time, so reverend by years.

---

## St. Paul's Church-Yard, Covent-Garden.

## MRS. BENNET,

*Died, 1791 ; aged 71.*

If humble worth, to private life confin'd,  
 A heart that wish'd the good of all mankind ;  
 A feeling sense, a soul prompt to bestow,  
 A dole to poverty, a tear to woe ;  
 If such, to contemplation's eye be dear,  
 Stop, pensive wand'rer and respect them here ;  
 Sleep gentle spirit, peaceful in thy tomb,  
 Till wak'd to gladness in the world to come ;  
 Then meekly bending at th' eternal throne,  
 Receive the plaudit for the good thou'st done !

IN MEMORY OF

ROGER BUTLER, Esq.

Who died, January 15, 1805 ; aged 29.

Ye gorgeous worms that glitter in the sun,  
 Ye worms of wealth, of vanity and sway ;  
 Say, have ye ought of praise or glory won,  
 That thus ye flaunt along, your gaudy way :  
 'Tis not the splendour of the cherish'd hoard,  
 Pomp, carv'd achievements, or the robe of pow'r,  
 'Tis not the purple of a nation's lord,  
 Can claim futurity's emblazon'd hour.

---

In Lambeth Church-yard.

IN MEMORY OF

LOWRY ALEXANDER,

Who died, March 22, 1780 ; aged 52 years.

Delusive life, adieu, with all thy train,  
 Of folly, labour, care, regret and pain ;  
 Existence, but an animated cloud,  
 Death sinks the frame, and mounts the soul to God.

IN MEMORY OF  
HENRY HILL,

Died, August 3, 1795 ; aged 67 years.

Mourn not, for nature will be nature still,  
To view the last remains of *Henry Hill*;  
Who when alive, was brave, was just, was true,  
Find out a fault, and it may fix on you ?

---

THOMAS ROSIER,

*Aged 40.*

The days wherein I past my life,  
Were fleeting like the shade ;  
And I am wither'd like the grass,  
That soon away doth fade.

---

**In St. Mary's, Lambeth.**

---

IN MEMORY OF  
ANTHONY BURLEIGH,

*Third Son of John Burleigh, of the Isle of Wight, Esq.*

Who was Lieutenant-General to King CHARLES I.  
of blessed memory ; and was put to death, at Win-  
M

*chester*, the 26th of January, for endeavouring to release his sacred Majesty, then prisoner in *Carisbrook-Castle*, in the said *Isle of Wight*. His two elder brothers were slain in *Worcester fight*, in the forces of his Majesty, King CHARLES II. This being the last of that loyal family, except his truly loving and sorrowful Sister; who caused this monument to be erected. Ob. 17th Feb. 1681; Aetat suæ 48. Ape Resurgendi.

---

*In Howard's small Chapel, a white marble monument,  
with the following quaint Epitaph:—*

In the Vault, under this stone, are the remains of

RICHARD MARSH, Esq.

Who supp'd (before he went to bed) with Christ,  
He had issue 15 children,  
By *Martha* his wife and relict;  
Eight are buried in the middle aisle against the pulpit,  
One lies in this vault,  
Which he built for his family.

He was exceeding glad at the beautifying  
Of this house,  
And though not quite finished, was begun in his time.

Being full of hope, he departed this life,  
The 18th of May, 1704;  
Aged 61 years.

*A plain marble monument, in Leigh's Chapel,*

TO THE MEMORY OF

ELIZABETH,

Formerly Wife of

JOHN BAYLEY,

*Had these lines.*

Reader ! tread soft, under thy foot doth lye,  
 A mother bury'd with her progeny ;  
 Two females, and four male ; the last a son,  
 Who with his life, his mother's thread hath spun,  
 His breath, her death procur'd (unhappy son !)  
 That thus our joy, with sorrow ushers in ;  
 Yet he being loth to leave so kind a mother,  
 Changes this life, to meet her in another ;  
 The daughter's first were robb'd of vital breath,  
 The mother next in strength of years met death,  
 The father's only joy, a hopeful son,  
 Did lose his life, when life was scarce begun.  
 If harmless innocence, if loyal truth,  
 Found in a constant wife, combin'd with youth ;  
 If a kind husband's prayers, or father's tears,  
 Could have prevail'd, they had liv'd many years.  
 But those all failing, here rak'd up in dust,  
 They wait the resurrection of the just,  
 A husband's love, a father's piety,  
 Dedicates this unto their memory ;  
 And when he hath his debt to nature paid,  
 In the same grave, himself will then be laid,  
 That altogether when the trump shall sound,  
 Husband, wife, children, may in Christ be found.



In the Church-Yard,  
*Is the singular monument of the Tradescants,*  
 Erected in 1662 ;  
 And repaired by Subscription in 1773 ;  
*When the following Inscription was restored :—*

Know stranger ! ere thou pass beneath this stone,  
 Lie *John Tradescant*, grand-sire, father, son ;  
 The last died in this Spring, the other two,  
 Liv'd, till they had travell'd nature through,  
 As by their choice, collections may appear,  
 Of what is rare in land, in seas, in air ;  
 Which they (as *Homer's Iliad* in a nut),  
 A world of wonders in one closet shut ;  
 These famous antiquarians that had been,  
 Both gard'ner's to the rose and lily queen ;  
 Transplanted now themselves—sleep here, and when  
 Angels shall with their trumpet's waken men,  
 And fire shall purge the world, then hence shall rise,  
 And change their garden for a Paradise.

---

**St. Margaret's, Westminster.**

---

IN MEMORY OF

HENRY HAGAN'S THREE WIVES.

Beneath this stone in peace, here lies  
 Ann, Eliza, and Mary, three good wives.

## ON AMELIA GASPEY,

*An Infant.*

Why memory, tell of joy no more possess'd,  
 That in the parent held successful strife,  
 With all the care that swell'd an anxious breast,  
 While the dear slumb'ring dust below had life.  
 O cease thy whispers, that ties selfish tears,  
 By reason check'd, no more may idly flow,  
 To mourn his offspring, spar'd maturer years,  
 Has been denied a lengthen'd date of woe.

---

## ON MR. MURREU.

May Heav'nly peace be thy eternal doom,  
 So wish'd thy kindly heart to every one;  
 So prays thy weeping daughter o'er thy tomb,  
 Whose love will last till her own race is run.

---

*Within the walls of this Church, was deposited the  
 body of the great*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNIGHT,

On the day he was beheaded in *old Palace-Yard,*  
*Westminster,*

October 18, 1618:

Reader! should you reflect on his error,  
 Remember his many virtues, and that he was mortal.

### **Bishopgate Church-Yard.**

---

#### **ON SARAH THOMPSON.**

Once you must die, and once for all,  
 The solemn purport weigh,  
 For know that Heav'n or Hell attend,  
 On that important day.

---

### **Christ's Church, Middlesex.**

---

#### **ON AN INFANT.**

His little innocent engaging ways,  
 Remembrance oft with sorrow brings to mind,  
 While from mine eye, the gushing tear betrays  
 How oft his image round my heart is twin'd.

---

### **St. Leonard's, shore-ditch.**

---

#### **ON INFANTS.**

Sleep lovely babes, and take your rest,  
 God takes them first, that he loves best.

Why do ye mourn, departing friends,  
 Or shake at death's alarms,  
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,  
 To call us to his arms.

---

Count not his faults, that lie beneath this stone,  
 But ere too late, strive to amend thy own.

---

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF  
 MRS. HANNAH MILES, WIDOW,

Who in the apparent enjoyment of good health,  
 And in full possession of the affections of her family,  
 And the esteem of her friends, was suddenly  
 Summoned to another and a better world,  
 On the 4th February, 1816; aged 44,  
 Leaving six children to lament her irreparable loss.

---

ON MR. THOMAS BURLETT.

Beneath this peaceful mouldering clod,  
 Lies one, who in his life ne'er trod  
 Oppression's paths, but always gave  
 A hand to them, that help did crave;  
 His purse was always open'd wide,  
 And many their wants had well supplied,  
 He's gone to share those joys above,  
 Where nothing dwells but perfect love.

**St. Giles in the Fields.**

---

TO THE MEMORY OF

**ELIZABETH,**

The Wife of

**MR. JOHN SOANE.**

*Who died, 22d November, 1815.*

With distinguished talents, she united an amiable and  
Affectionate heart.

Her piety was unaffected, her integrity undeviating ;  
Her manners displayed alike decision,  
Energy, kindness and suavity.

These, the peculiar characteristics of her mind,  
Remained untainted by an extensive intercourse  
With the world.

Stranger !

If virtue o'er thy bosom bear control,  
If thine the generous, thine the exalted soul,  
Stranger ! approach this consecrated earth,  
Demands thy tribute to departed worth.  
Beneath this tomb, her spirit sleeps,  
Here friendship sighs, here fond affection weeps,  
Here to the dust life's dearest charm's resign'd,  
Leaves but the dregs of lingering time behind,  
Yet one bright ray, to light the grave has given,  
The virtuous die not, they survive in Heav'n.

## ON MRS. ELIZA SASS.

Wise Heav'n to render search perplex'd,  
 Has drawn 'twixt this world and the next ;  
 A dark impenetrable screen,  
 All behind which is unseen.

---

*The mortal remains of*

RAMSAY CHARLES ST. CLAIR,  
 The most proficient Free and Accepted Mason of the  
 present age ;  
*Departed this life, A. 5815, A. D. 1811, A. 0693,*  
*A. C. 6497, Aetat. 68.*

The destin'd terms at lengths complete,  
 His ashes rest in peace, eternal fame  
 Sounds wide his praise triumphant o'er fate.  
 In sacred lodge, for ever live his name !

---

## IN MEMORY OF

MISS MARY BASNET,  
 Who died the 10th day of February, 1756 ; aged 23.  
*This monument was erected by her disconsolate parents,*  
*to perpetuate the memory of a Child, most tenderly*  
*beloved and most deservedly lamented.*

Go, spotless honor and unsullied truth ;  
 Go, smiling innocence and blooming youth ;

Go, female sweetness join'd with manly sense ;  
 Go, winning wit that ne'er gave offence ;  
 Go, soft humanity that blest the poor ;  
 Go, short-ey'd patience from affliction's door ;  
 Go, modesty that never wore a frown ;  
 Go, virtue and receive thy heav'nly crown.

Not from a stranger came this heart-felt verse ;  
 The friend inscrib'd thy tomb, whose tears bedew'd  
     thy hearse.

---

### RICHARD PENDRELL,

*Preserver and conductor to his sacred Majesty, King  
 CHARLES II. of Great Britain, after his escape  
 from Worcester fight, in the year 1651, who  
 died, February 8, 1671.*

Hold passenger ! here's shrouded in this hearse,  
 Unparalleled *Pendrell*, thro' the universe,  
 Like when the eastern star from Heav'n gave light,  
 To three lost kings ! so he in such a dark night,  
 To Britain's monarch, toss'd by adverse war,  
 On earth appear'd a second eastern star ;  
 A pole, a stern, in her rebellious main,  
 A pilot to her royal sov'reign ;  
 Now to triumph in Heav'n's eternal sphere,  
 He's hence advanc'd for his just steerage here ;  
 Whilst Albion's chronicles, with matchless fame,  
 Embalm the story of great *Pendrell's* name !

MEMORY OF  
L D I S,

rest,  
and

,ed 42.

s fearful thunders roll,  
s of wrath, from pole to pole, }  
w'ring on the guilty soul.  
p'st thou sinner, haste arise,  
lest death eternal close thine eyes ;  
God yet can hear the voice of prayer,  
This moment lost may bring despair.

---

**Camberwell Church-yard.**

---

MRS. ANN BROWN.

Sincere in her friendship,  
Endearing to her husband, compassionate  
To the distressed,  
And obedient to her Creator.

She exchanged this life for a better.  
July 5, 1763 ; aged 50.



## ON JOHN GREEN,

*Who died in his Infancy.*

Ye guardian angels who surround the just,  
 Preserve each atom of this silent dust ;  
 Here unmolested may it sweetly sleep,  
 While I surviving only live to weep ;  
 To weep, inglorious thought ! I'll rather stay  
 To wait and long for that approaching day,  
 When our remains shall in one grave unite,  
 And spirits greet, with infinite delight.

---

MARY, *Wife of* H. VOGUELL, Esq.

Aged 28.

Say then did bounteous Heav'n dispense  
 Such beauty, wit, and social sense,  
     To meet an early doom ;  
 How soon the purest soul is fled  
 To join the visionary dead,  
     And share the silent tomb.

Fond man, thy vain complaints give o'er,  
 Frail as the blossom of an hour,  
     Thy shadowing term is given ;  
 Yet God his fav'rite votary knows,  
 Contracts the span replete with woes,  
     And calls the saint to Heaven.

IN MEMORY OF  
MRS. ALDIS,

*Aged 56.*

In death's soft slumbers lull'd to rest,  
The suffering frame, no more distress'd  
Lies safely and in peace ;  
Till the last morn's immortal ray,  
Pours on the tomb eternal day,  
And wakes it into bliss.

---

ON CHARLOTTE HOWARD,

*Aged 4 years.*

Sweet lovely blossom opening to the day,  
Scarce had its beauties hail'd its genial ray,  
When the fierce blast of death, by Heav'n's decree,  
Rush'd by and tore thee from thy parent tree ;  
As the seed grain committed to the earth,  
By power vivific, feels a second birth ;  
So shall thy form more beauteous, glorious rise,  
And flourish ever green in purer skies.

---

ON A CERTAIN MISER.

Here lies one who for med'cines would not give,  
A little gold, and so his life he lost :  
I fancy now he'd wish again to live,  
Could he but guess how much his funeral cost.

ON MRS. FRIEND,

*Wife of*

MR. CHARLES FRIEND,

*Daughter of William Press, Esquire,*

And Sister of the Honorable BRIDES HENNIKER ;

*Who died in the prime of life.*

Ah ! dear *Eliza*, could my pen reveal,  
Your worth, your virtues, and the loss I feel ;  
But words are vain, my heart alone can bear,  
The lov'd impression of your image there.

---

---

IN MEMORY OF

MR. JAMES BLAKE,

*Who sailed round the World with Captain Cook.*

The boisterous main I've travers'd o'er,  
New seas and lands explor'd,  
But now at last, am anchor'd fast,  
In peace and silence moor'd ;  
Now to explore the realms of bliss unknown to mortals here,  
And Heav'n, in a Heav'nly port, great God to praise and fear.  
Hope all present sorrows heal,  
All earthly joys transcend,  
Hopes to possess, and taste, and feel,  
Delights that ne'er end.

ANN, *Wife of* CHARLES STANIFORTH,

Aged 33 years.

Immortal, what can strike the sense so strong,  
As this the soul ! it thunders to the thought,  
Reason amazes, gratitude o'erwhelms ; no  
More we slumber on the brink of fate ;  
Roused at the sound, the exulting soul ascends  
And breathes her native air, and air, that  
Feeds ambitions high, and fans ethereal  
Fires. Quick kindles, all that is divine within  
Us ; nor leaves one loitering thought beneath  
The skies.

---

The world's a city full of crooked streets,  
Death's the market-place where all men meet,  
If life was merchandise that man could buy,  
The rich would live, and the poor would die.

---

#### ON A YOUNG WOMAN.

Dearer thou daughter, parallel'd by few,  
In genius, goodness, modesty ; adieu !  
Adieu ! dear Mary, till that day more blest,  
When, if deserving, I with thee shall rest ;  
Thy mother then will cry in joyful strain,  
Oh ! come to my maternal arms again.

*The ancient family of SCOTT are interred here, one  
of whom was appointed a Baron of the  
Exchequer, in 1532 ; and whose  
descendent married*

**BISHOP CRANMER'S WIDOW.**

*On the ground are the following lines, on one of his  
FAMILY.*

Here might be praises, but he needs not them,  
Such puffs, the virtuous and the dead contemn,  
For such are better pleas'd good to be,  
Then to be called so,—and such was he ;  
This then for ostentation raise we not,  
Not out of fear his worth should be forgot,  
But that the readers, and the passers by,  
Reflecting on the shrine of death an eye,  
May mind their own—so neither will the cost  
Seem vain, nor the beholder's labour lost.



Gentle she was, to all who knew her dear,  
The tender mother and the friend sincere,  
Her darling pleasure, comfort to impart,  
To cheer the drooping, soothe the aching heart ;  
Unsour'd by age, misfortune or disease,  
Her life was meekness, and her death was peace,  
Dearest of mothers, best of friends farewell !  
May this plain stone a son's affection's tell ;  
Thro' life thy virtues were his joys and pride,  
In death, his best example and his guide,  
Our social cares and hopes are o'er,  
Thy love maternal, cheers this heart no more.

## Streatham Church-yard.

---

### ON ELIZA LOAT.

Here low in earth, her beauteous form decay'd;  
 My faithful wife, my lov'd *Eliza* laid;  
 Graceful with ease, of sentiment refin'd,  
 Her pleasing form enclos'd the purest mind;  
 Round her, blest peace! thy sacred vigils keep,  
 And guard, fair innocence! her sacred sleep  
 Till the last trump awake the exulting clay,  
 To bloom and triumph in eternal day.

---

## St. Pancras Church-yard.

---

*Here lie the remains of*

GODFREY HILL,

*Aged 46.*

---

Thus far am I got on my journey;  
 Reader!  
 Canst thou inform me,  
 What follows next.

IN MEMORY OF

MR. JOHN DANBY,

*Professor of Music,*

Died, May 16, 1798; aged 41.

Reader! if excellence in music's art,  
 By turns, to sadden, or to cheer the heart;  
 Whether by playful catch, by serious glee,  
 Or the more solemn canon's harmony:  
 If genius such as that can raise a sigh,  
 Or draw the trickling tribute from thine eye,  
 Pause o'er this spot, which now contains the clay  
 Of him, of whom those talents lately lay.  
 The spirit fled to join its native skies,  
 Here all that now remains of *Danby* lies;  
 Rest much respected, much lamented earth,  
 Remnant not more of science, than of worth;  
 And tho' thy works, have wrought a better fame,  
 This record is but justice to thy name.

ON MISS SARAH JORDON,

*Aged 17.*

Alas! she's gone in nature's prime,  
 She wither'd like a rose;  
 That's cropt, before it scarce had time  
 Its beauties to disclose.

## IN MEMORY OF

THE HON. BARBARA ROPER,

*Wife of the Hon. Philip Roper, of Linstead, Kent,*

Who died, April 10, 1805 ; aged 57.

Blow soft ye winds, ye wintry snows,  
 Fly lightly o'er this tomb ;  
 Here rests my love in calm repose,  
 Till nature's general doom ;  
 And when the awful trump shall sound,  
 Each from their dark abode ;  
 Her spotless soul, with hymns of praise,  
 Shall fly to meet her God.  
 Blessed be her memory !

## IN MEMORY OF

MR. SAMUEL HARRISON,

*Aged 52.*

'Twas his celestial pleasure to impart,  
 Judgment with taste and science to combine,  
 Waking with seraph voice and matchless art,  
 Immortal Handel's harmony divine.  
 Peace gentle spirit ! to thy lov'd remains,  
 Let no rude sounds thy halcyon grave annoy ;  
 But gentle airs, and soft melodious strains,  
 Attend thy passage to the realms of joy.



IN MEMORY OF

MRS. ISABELLA MILLS,

Died, 9th June, 1802 ; aged 67.

*This lady was celebrated for her vocal powers, originally under her maiden name Burchell, afterwards as Mrs. Vincent ; but withdrew from public life, when she married her second husband.*

And art thou then in awful silence here,  
 Whose voice so oft has charm'd the public ear ;  
 Who with thy simple notes, could strike the heart,  
 Beyond the utmost skill of labour'd art.  
 Oh ! may the power who gave thee dulcet strain,  
 And pitying, rescued thee from earthly pain ;  
 Exalt thy spirit, touch'd with hallow'd fire,  
 To hymn his praise among the angelic choir.



ON GEORGE AUGUSTUS ELLIOT,

*Aged 5 years.*

Snatch'd in his dawn, how swift our blessings fly,  
 Here the fond hopes of grieved parent's lie ;  
 But cease to weep—look up ye mournful pair,  
 Behold your darling a bright seraph there ;  
 See how he beckons from yon distant sphere,  
 Here fix your hopes,—he cries, your treasure's here.

## ON AN INFANT.

Alas ! how chang'd that lovely flower,  
Which bloom'd and cheer'd my heart,  
Fair fleeting comfort of an hour,  
How soon we're called to part.

---

The struggle's o'er, I have my choice,  
Let none repine while I rejoice,  
On cherub's wings, unseen by you,  
My joyful spirit upward flew ;  
And till the last great rising day,  
My Lord will watch my sleeping clay.

---

HENRY POWELL,

*An Infant.*

Against death's decree, the mightiest strive in vain,  
Some fall by weight of years, and some by pain ;  
The scythe fell, emblem of that ruthless power,  
Cropt in the bud, the tender hopeless flow'r.

---

Death levels man—the wicked and the just,  
The wise, the weak, lie buried in the dust ;  
And by the honours dealt to every name,  
The King of Terrors seems to level fame.

**Hammersmith Church-yard.**

---

ON MRS. MARY,

*Wife of*

GOVERNOR FRANKLIN,

Who died, August 3, 1811 ;

*Aged 58 years.*

Stranger ! if charity's soft glow is thine,  
 If thy soul bends, at meek religion's shrine ;  
 If won by constant truth, and duty bland,  
 Love trusts his sceptre to thy gentle hand.  
 If in its noblest realm, content to rest,  
 Thy spirit sways, an honor'd husband's breast ;  
 This sacred record claims thy duteous tear,  
 The sister of thy soul reposes here.  
 Pause on her grave, to buried virtue just,  
 A husband's tribute, marks this holy dust ;  
 Not here for ever end life's dearest ties,  
 Tho' in this grave his soul's companion lies ;  
 She whose mild virtues grac'd his earthly dome,  
 He hopes will bless him in a happier home.

## ON MISS ELIZA WELTSE,

*Aged 15.*

In beauty's bloom, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,  
 Here a meek virgin consecrates the place ;  
 Ye fair approach, nor check the rising sigh,—  
 She once with all your rarest charms could vie.  
 Her parent's pride, now mourning o'er her bier,  
 In fond regret, they shed a heart-felt tear ;  
 They feel their loss, yet own the chast'ning rod,  
 And yield, in grief, their daughter to her God.

---

## ON CLEMENTINA PEROCHON,

Who died, 24th October, 1813 ; aged 64.

In thee, affection breath'd her purest flame,  
 In thee, the female mark'd her highest fame ;  
 To thee, the wretched would her cause submit,  
 Thy thoughts were those an angel might admit.  
 Goodness was thine, the pleasure of thy life,  
 Best lov'd *Clementina*, much lamented wife ;  
 Soon shall the time prescrib'd by time unite  
 Two souls in one, in realms of endless light.

---

## ON MR. PAUL W. PERKINS,

*Aged 22 years.*

Here in awful stillness of the tomb,  
 Rests a lov'd youth, that perish'd in his bloom,  
 Belov'd and mourn'd, no art could save,  
 The will of Heav'n appoints this early grave.

ON JOHN SKRYMSHER,

*Son of*

The Rev. ROGER SKRYMSHER,

*Vicar of Maldon,*

SURREY

Whilst vain philosophy declares  
 Both soul and body die,  
 The humble Christian views his child,  
 Translated to the sky.  
 Behold him with the eye of faith,  
 Ascend the blest abode ;  
 With kindred cherubs to enjoy,  
 The presence of his God.



ON MR. EDWARD BRIERS,

*Aged 65.*

Why spring those tears, what avail those sighs,  
 No heart here feels them, and no tongue replies ;  
 At death, our cares and fears, and passions cease,  
 His silent mansion is the abode of peace.  
 Yet to a much-lov'd husband, father, friend,  
 Let memory cling, and near his image tend ;  
 Retrace his steps, behold his virtues rise,  
 In brightest form, to fix our darksome eyes ;  
 Till led by faith, our course of trial o'er,  
 We meet in endless bliss, to part no more.

**Kensington church-yard.**

---

TO THE MEMORY OF

**JOHN BRIAN, Esq.**

*Formerly Captain, Adjutant, and Pay-master,*

**In the 6th, (or Enniskilling) Regiment of Dragoons ;**

*Died, January 5, 1812 ;*

**Aged 67.**

Those that knew him best will appreciate his worth,  
if he had any, and his God will judge him, not  
according to his demerits, but according  
to the extent of his mercy, his  
goodness and glory.

But tho' we know not the extent of our Creator's plan,  
Or his intentions towards his creature man ;  
We may, if judging from his works, conclude  
All things will end in universal good.

## ON MARY COUTS,

*Aged 60.*

In this cold grave, poor *Mary* lies,  
 Died of a broken heart ;  
 God, who took her husband dear from her,  
 Left none to take her part.

She married one, not lov'd so well,  
 Which caus'd her many a tear ;  
 She's gone to Heav'n, in hopes to meet  
 Her dearest partner there.

---

**Fulham church-yard.**

---

## ON MARIANNE BOWDEN,

*An Infant.*

Too meet for Heav'n, to tarry longer here,  
 Too pure a tenant for a world unblest ;  
 Thy happier spirit, to a purer sphere  
 Hath soar'd on dove-like wings, and is at rest.

Forgive the tear that mourns thy early tomb,  
 The tear that glistens in affection's eye ;  
 When faith should rather hail thy blissful doom,  
 And trace the passage to thy kindred sky.

IN MEMORY OF

ELEANOR,

*Daughter of John Simpson, Esq. of Bradley,**In the County of Durham ;**And Widow of*

JOHN ORD, Esq.

*Who died, 21st February, 1818 ;*

Aged 76.

She's gone—and ne'er was laid in kindred dust  
A heart more kind, compassionate, and just ;  
In all the righteous movements of her breast,  
Her Saviour's words, were first, and last, and best.  
She plac'd her trust in her God alone,  
Liv'd without guile, and died without a groan ;  
Thro' length of days from earthly dross refin'd,  
On thoughts divine, was fix'd her saint-like mind ;  
And as a full form'd babe exerts its might  
To rush to life, to liberty and light ;  
So her bright soul, too good, too pure for earth,  
Burst its frail bonds, and sprung to Heav'nly birth,  
To meet her long lov'd consort in the sky ;  
She left a sister here, awhile to sigh,  
And feebly tell on this recording stone,  
How just the general grief, how deep her own.



**Chelsea Church-yard.**

---

MISS HARRIOT GROOM,

*Aged 22.*

Farewell thou chosen of the Lord, farewell !  
 Too Heavenly, alas ! on this frail earth to dwell ;  
 Thine earliest care, to trace the path to Heav'n,  
 Thou died'st assur'd thy sins would be forgiven ;  
 Thy friends, by thy example taught, their God to fear,  
 Live but in hopes with thee, to meet him here.

---

**Battersea Church-yard.**

---

IN MEMORY OF

MARGARET, Wife of SIR RUPERT GEORGE,

*And Three of their Children.*

To thee have been consign'd, O parent earth !  
 What late was beauty, innocence and mirth ;  
 While oft in sad affliction pausing here,  
 Shall fond affection shed the gushing tear.

TO THE MEMORY OF

SIR EDWARD WINTER,

*An East India Captain,*

Who, in the reign of CHARLES II. relates that being attacked in the woods by a *Tiger*, he placed himself on the side of a pond, and when the *Tiger* flew at him, he caught him in his arms, fell back with him into the water, got upon him and kept him down, till he had drowned him. This adventure as well, as another wonderfull exploit is vouched for, by the following lines:—

Alone unarm'd, a Tiger he oppress'd,  
 And crush'd to death that monster of a beast ;  
 Thrice twenty mounted Moors he overthrew,  
 Singly on foot, some wounded, some he slew,  
 Dispers'd the rest—what more could Sampson do? }

---

 ON A BLACKSMITH.

My sledge and hammer lie declin'd,  
 My bellows too have lost their wind ;  
 My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,  
 My vice is in the dust all laid ;  
 My coal is spent, my iron gone,  
 My nails are drove, my work is done.  
 My fire-dried corpse here lies at rest,  
 My soul, smoke-like, soars to be blest.

**Greenwich Church-yard.**

---

**ON WEST WAITE,**

*Son of the Rev. Thomas Waite, of this Parish.*

He was a child of a most amiable and affectionate  
Disposition,  
And of an understanding far beyond his years.

His afflicted parents  
Find their only consolation for his irreparable loss,  
In the confidence that he is gone  
To a far more kind and indulgent parent,  
His Father and their Father,  
His God and their God.

Forgive sweet spirit, in the realms of rest,  
The tear affection sheds, that thou art blest.

---

**ON TWO INFANTS.**

Rest spotless babes, beneath this stone,  
Cropt like the flowers in early bloom ;  
Safe from the ills of worldly strife,  
Which plant with thorns a length of life.

ON ANN AND MARTHA,

*Two wives of*

JAMES DIXON.

Folded in clay, two virtuous wives lie here,  
Who made their husbands' peace their constant care ;  
No pride or envy in their lives appear'd,  
Admired when living, and when dead rever'd.

---

IN MEMORY OF

MRS. DAVIS,

*Aged 26.*

Her partner now consoles himself  
With hopes not form'd in vain ;  
That as her happy soul's at rest,  
His loss must be her gain.

---

ON MRS. ANN COURT,

*Aged 32.*

May spotless spirits of the just  
Watch o'er her tomb and guard her dust,  
Preserve it safe in soft repose,  
Till the arch-angel's trumpet blows ;  
And then immortal may it rise,  
And mount in glory to the skies.

IN MEMORY OF

MISS SOPHIA RICHARDSON,

*Aged 19.*

Sleep soft in dust, wait the Almighty's will ;  
Then rise unchanged and be an angel still.

---

ON MR. RICHARD BRAINE.

When self-esteem or others' adulation,  
Above ourselves, doth ambition rear,  
The grave gain-says, smooth flattery's false complexion,  
And bluntly points out to us what we are.

---

ON TWO TWIN SISTERS.

Fair marble, tell to future days,  
That here two virgin sisters lie,  
Whose life employ'd each tongue in praise ;  
Whose death gave tears to ev'ry eye.

In stature, beauty, years, and fame,  
Together as they grew, they shone ;  
So much alike, so much the same,  
That death mistook them both for one.

## ON MRS. JEMIMA SIMONS.

If even faults my life disclose,  
 In pity shed a tear ;  
 And what in me you saw a-miss,  
 With caution shun and fear.

---

## St. Asaph's Church-yard, Greenwich.

## ON MARY, Wife of GEORGE OLIVER.

Praise to my wife is truly due,  
 She prov'd this maxim to be true ;  
 The richest portion with a wife,  
 Is prudence and a virtuous life.

---

## ON AN HONEST SAILOR.

Whether sailor or not, for a moment avast !  
 Poor Tom's mizen top-sail is laid to the mast ;  
 He'll never turn out, or more heave the lead ;  
 He's now all aback, nor will sails shoot ahead ;  
 He ever was brisk, and though now gone to wreck,  
 When he hears the last whistle he'll jump upon deck.

## Woolwich Church-yard.

---

ON MASTER JOHN HARVEY,

*Aged 12 years.*

Stranger ! the youth that sleeps beneath this stone,  
Was kind, was young, and beauty on him shone ;  
Sweet was his temper and his sense was sound,  
Patient in pain, and lov'd by all around.

He was a mother's hope, a father's joy,  
Their only son, their much-lov'd boy ;  
Yet would not, all that mortal power could do,  
Ward off thy dart, oh death ! thy aim's too true.

Weep not fond parents while you view the bed,  
Here sleeps in peace, the no more aching head ;  
All pains are o'er, all grief for ever done,  
A life of everlasting joys begun.

Yes the last sigh, that whisper'd soft, adieu !  
The last lov'd breath that ere in death he drew ;  
Open'd the scenes of brighter bliss on high,  
And let his captive spirit upwards fly.

IN MEMORY OF

LIEUTENANT GEORGE WILLIAMSON,

*Of the Royal Regiment of Artillery ;*

Who died suddenly,

*November 11, 1781 ; aged 77 years.*

He was descended from an ancient and honorable family of that name, in the *bishoprick of Durham*. He married *Jane*, the only daughter of *Captain Roger Pedley*, who, by her mother *Isabella Muir*, was lineally descended from *ROBERT II. King of Scotland*. They left issue only one, *Colonel Adam Williamson*, who married *Ann*, second daughter of *Thomas Jones, Esq. of East Wickham, Kent* ; who caused this moment to be erected to the memory of the best of fathers.

---

 ON W. SHAW,
*Who was drowned, 21st July, 1803 ;*

Aged 5 years.

In the cold stream my limbs were chill'd,  
 My blood with deadly horror thrill'd ;  
 My feeble pulse forgot to play,  
 I fainted, sunk, and died away.  
 All means were tried my life to save,  
 But could not keep me from the grave.



## ON MR. ANTHONY STROTHER.

Christian sedate, by contemplation led,  
 Amongst these dreary mansions of the dead,  
 Muse o'er this tomb, whose bosom cold contains,  
 The most lamented *Strother's* last remains.  
 If nature prompts thee, drop the trickling tear,  
 For chastened grief deserves the man sincere ;  
 Warm he felt affection's sacred flame,  
 For his bewailing sadly widow'd dame ;  
 Parental fondness glow'd within his breast,  
 And pure religion was by him carress'd,  
 Daily he mus'd o'er inspirations page,  
 And strove to imitate each holy sage ;  
 On his Redeemer he for bliss relied,  
 And in his holy faith with firmness died.

---

*Here remains the mortal part of*

MR. SAMUEL HARDIN,

*Aged 80.*

For his charity he had the blessing of the humble ;  
 For his manners the approbation of the opulent.

He lived in virtue,  
 And died in confidence of eternal bliss.

*" An honest man's the noblest work of God."*

TO THE MEMORY OF

MR. JAMES TAYLOR,

*Who was unfortunately burnt to death,*

At the Pagoda in St. James's Park, London,

*On the night of the grand Jubilee,*

August 1, 1814 ; aged 32 years.

A loving husband and a father dear,  
A faithful friend lies buried here ;  
When God ordains the fatal blow,  
The heart may wish, the tears may flow ;  
But can't the dead restore.

How long shall earth's alluring joys,  
Detain our hearts and eyes ;  
Regardless of immortal joys,  
And strangers to the skies.



ON MR. JAMES REID.

The time we have allotted here,  
We highly ought to prize ;  
To strive to make salvation sure,  
Before death close our eyes.

## IN MEMORY OF

MRS. JANE MILLER,

And is the happy moment come,  
 When Jesus hath recall'd thee home ;  
     And wip'd off every tear,  
 And must we part no more to join,  
 Till all who tread the path divine,  
     Shall with their Lord appear.

Go happy saint by Jesus blest,  
 Of all that happiness possesst,  
     Thy Saviour hath in store ;  
 Thy conflict's now for ever past,  
 And thou from earth escap'd at last,  
     Hath reach'd the Heav'n, the Heav'nly shore



## IN MEMORY OF

MR. GEORGE HALLET,

*Aged 35.*

Short and precarious is this life of ours,  
 Feeble as grass, and frail as blooming flowers ;  
 May God protect from every adverse wind,  
 The tender plants which I have left behind ;  
 A long farewell ! dear wife, I bid to you,  
 My brethren all and social friends adieu !

IN MEMORY OF  
MR. RICHARD BANKS,

*Shipwright ;*

Who was unfortunately killed, 21st March, 1799,

Aged 18 years.

*This stone was erected by his fellow Apprentices.*

Ye generous youths whom sympathy has led,  
To raise this sad memorial o'er my head ;  
Whilst grateful friendship heaves for me the sigh,  
Remember, dear companions, you must die ;  
No human power can elude the blow,  
Death uncontroll'd lays all distinctions low ;  
Then let religious virtue guide your ways,  
That we may meet and join in endless praise.



ON A COBLER.

Death at a cobbler's door oft made a stand,  
And always found him on the mending hand ;  
At last came death, in very dirty weather,  
And ripp'd the sole from off the upper-leather.  
Death put a trick upon him, and what was't ?  
The cobbler call'd for's awl, death brought his last !



## ON MRS. MARY ROBINSON.

The conflict's past, corroding care adieu !  
My anxious thoughts have had enough of you ;  
But ah, my friends ! when this sad stone you see,  
Respect my children and remember me.

---

## ON ROBERT CARLEY AND SONS.

'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,  
Or sinks them to the grave ;  
He gives, and blessed be his name,  
He takes but what he gave.

---

## ON MISS MARIA SMITH.

Fond parents cease, the falling tears refrain,  
Cease to lament her fate, cease to complain ;  
Amongst the saints of Heav'n she's blest,  
With endless joy and everlasting rest.

---

## ON A VERY IDLE FELLOW.

Here lieth one that once was born and cried,  
Liv'd several years, and then—and then—he died.

**Deptford Church-yard.**

---

TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. ANN HUBE,

Who departed this life, March 16, 1806 ;

Aged 34.

*The following lines are inscribed at her own request,  
when departing this life.*

Accept, dear shade, the tribute of a tear,  
'Tis all poor mortals have to offer here ;  
It was thy worth, that caus'd those tears to flow,  
Thy gentle sweetness made affection glow ;  
Too young thy babes, to miss a mother's care,  
Or know the danger that await the fair.  
But oh ! the pangs that rend the husband's heart,—  
Claspt in her arms, he saw her soul depart ;  
In all his sorrows let his joys be this :  
She chang'd terrestrial for eternal bliss.

R

## TO THE BELOVED MEMORY OF

MARIANNE HIAT,

A promising child who was endeared to her fond  
parents, by her amiable disposition and  
dutiful behaviour,

*Died, June 5, 1803 ; aged 7 years.*

From all the chequer'd ills below,  
    *Mary* secure shall sleep ;  
Her little heart no pang shall know,  
    Her eyes no more shall weep.  
Let sorrow for her early doom,  
    No more in silence sigh ;  
For hope that points beyond the tomb,  
    Bids every tear be dry.

---

ON MRS. MARGARET RUSSELL,

*Aged 36 ;*

And six of her Children.

The' long bent down by sore affliction's weight,  
Her heart too good to murmur at her fate ;  
With christian fortitude she bore her pain,  
Till death consign'd her to the dust again.

## ON MR. JOSEPH BENNETT,

*Aged 34.*

A precious soul belov'd of God,  
 And ransom'd with his Saviour's blood,  
 Did once inhabit mortal clay,  
 But now is fled to realms of day ;  
 Beneath this stone the body lies,  
 His soul is gone to Paradise.  
 He felt the pow'r of gospel truth,  
 E'en in the thoughtless days of youth ;  
 True living faith his works did show,  
 He follow'd Jesus, here below ;  
 His pious soul did often rise,  
 To the fair mansions in the skies.  
 The doctrine of the Saviour's cross  
 To him was gain, all else was loss ;  
 His faith was strong, his hope was bright,  
 And now he dwells with God in light.

---

## ON MRS. SUSANNAH HADDEN.

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near,  
 Here lies the wife most lov'd, the sister dear,  
 Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,  
 Or gave her husband grief, but when she died.  
 Oh ! let this once-lov'd brother inscribe thy stone,  
 And with a husband's sorrows mix thy own ;  
 Tho' death with sudden stroke abridged thy days,  
 Thou shalt not lose thy well-deserved praise.



*To perpetuate the memory of*

MR. ISAAC BLIGHT,

Who was inhumanly shot in his own house, at Rother-  
hithe, by the hand of a perfidious domestic,

*The 23d September, 1805 ;*

In the 49th year of his age.

Have you not seen beneath a dark'ned sky,  
Quicker than thought the vivid light'ning fly ;  
Equally as quick was the insidious blow,  
That pierc'd my heart, and laid my head thus low.  
Merciful God, thou glorious king of Heav'n,  
Forgive the deed, that I may be forgiven.



ON MRS. CHRISTIAN CROW.

Amidst the humble walks of life,  
The pious christian's found ;  
The tender mother, virtuous wife,  
Are names which there abound.  
Such was the clay which lies beneath  
This stone, that bears her praise ;  
Reader forego a thoughtless life,  
And imitate her ways.

IN MEMORY OF  
MR. WILLIAM GRAYKNOTT,  
*Aged 17.*

If education, virtue, love of truth,  
Good nature, modesty, or blooming youth,  
One soul possess'd, and in full lustre shone,  
These, dearest youth—and more were all thine own.

---

ON NATHANIEL COCKET,  
AND  
SARAH HIS DAUGHTER.

Our coffin is our bed, our house a grave,  
A little narrow room is all we have ;  
We sleep in silence, but our souls are flown,  
To take possession of a glorious throne ;  
In life, in death, most strict in one accord,  
They liv'd, they died—true servants of the Lord.

---

ON WILLIAM AND MARY ARIES.

With patience to the last they did submit,  
And murmur'd not at what the Lord thought fit :  
They with a christian courage did resign  
Their souls to God at his appointed time.

IN MEMORY OF

THOMAS BROWN,

*Who was drowned, 24th February, 1802 ;*

Aged 36.

Awful and sad was my untimely death,  
 In floods of sorrow I resign'd my breath ;  
 The rushing torrent was my dying bed,  
 No friend to close my eyes or raise my head.  
 Ah ! whilst affection heaves for me the sigh,  
 In order set thine house, for thou must die.

---

ON WILLIAM AND MARY HAWKINS.

Here rest the husband and the wife,  
 Now join'd in death as one in life ;  
 A joyful blessing to their souls restore,—  
 Endless bliss when time shall be no more.

---

ON MRS. SARAH BEAUFOY.

In every age, the present and the past,  
 To this, the great, the wisest come at last ;  
 Put all your trust in God, on him rely,  
 Sooner or latter all mankind must die.

## ON ALEXANDER MORRISON.

How happy are the souls above,  
From sin and sorrow free ;  
With Jesus they are now at rest,  
And all his glory see.

---

## ON MR. GEORGE BEALE'S INFANT.

There sleep in Jesus' arms dear child,  
Contented and at rest,  
Thy parent's fondest hopes are foil'd,  
But heav'n's will is best.

---

## ON MRS. HARRIET HATFUL.

Once sacred friendship kindled into love,  
Made all my hours with soft endearments move ;  
Heav'n gave a wife to me, to Heav'n endear'd,  
Who all my comforts and my sorrows shar'd ;  
But Heav'n call'd her to the world of bliss,  
And left me lonely to lament in this.

---

## ON A SCOLDING WIFE.

Here lies my wife ; poor Molly ! let her lie :  
She finds repose at last—and so do I.

## ON SARAH, Daughter of MR. P. WHITE,

*Aged 24.*

Adieu ! dear *Sarah* till we meet above,  
 In those pure peaceful realms of light and love ;  
 Grain sown in earth is still its owner's care,  
 And evening sun's but set to rise more fair.

## ON ELIZA PROUD,

*Aged 14.*

Firm as the earth thy gospel stands,  
 My Lord, my hope, my trust ;  
 If I am found in Jesus' hands  
 My soul can ne'er be lost.

WATTS.

## ON MRS. HENRIETTA MARY KNOTT,

*And five Infants.*

With keen affliction's weight, long time oppress'd,  
 She sunk with christian meekness into rest ;  
 Patient, resign'd, she met her early doom,  
 And fled to join her infants in the tomb.

In Peel church-yard,  
Isle of Man.

---

Time what an empty vapour 'tis,  
And days how swift they are ;  
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,  
Or like a shooting star.  
Our life is ever on the wing,  
And death is ever nigh ;  
The moment when our lives begin,  
We all begin to die.

---

IN MEMORY OF  
RICHARD CAVE.

Here in the grave, here lies a *Cave*,  
We call a grave a *Cave* ;  
If *Cave* be grave, and grave be *Cave*,  
Then reader, judge I crave ;  
Whether doth *Cave* here lie in grave,  
Or grave here lie in *Cave* ?  
If grave in *Cave* here buried lie,  
" Then grave where is thy victory" ?  
Go reader, and report here lies a *Cave*,  
Who conquers death and buries his own grave.

•

**Kirkmichael church-yard.**

---

TO THE MEMORY OF

KETURAH, Wife of the REV. MR. MITFORD,

*Of Cooley Lodge,*

Who died, February 26, 1814.

*Mitford*, when all who view'd thee, saw how gay ;  
 How sweet, how peaceful was thy earthly way,  
 Mark'd thee tho' blest, to enjoy more bliss to give,  
 How pleasant said they like the good to live.  
 And when in calmest slumbers sunk thy breath,  
 When thy sad husband ask'd, can this be death ?  
 Even friends and sisters 'midst their sorrows cry,—  
 How pleasant is it like thee, good to die.

---

ON MAJOR JOHN MISSING'S INFANT.

Happy the babe who, privileged by fate,  
 To shorter labour and a lighter weight,  
 Received but yesterday life's fleeting breath,  
 Ordered to-morrow to return to death.

## ON TWO INFANTS.

Our time on earth was short, even as a span,  
Our bodies are returned from whence they came ;  
But our immortal souls through Christ are blest,  
And join in concert with the saints at rest.

---

Too pure, too Heav'nly, upon earth to stay,  
An early message summon'd him away ;  
From mortal converse summon'd him to rise,  
To mix with kindred angels in the skies.

---

Resign'd and patient to the last she view'd,  
With calm submission her approaching fate,  
And now far happier is her life renew'd,  
Free from the troubles of a mortal state.

---

All human things hang on a slender stay,  
Those that are strongest soon are snatch'd away.

---

Beneath this stone, here lie two children dear,  
The one at *Stoney Middleton*—the other here.



### Kirkbraddan church-yard.

---

#### ON A HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Tho' earth to earth is here consign'd,  
 We still are one in heart ;  
 Those whom the Lord in love has join'd,  
 Not even death can part.

---

Consider, O ! ye thoughtless sons of men,  
 You're born to die, and none of you knows when ;  
 You all must pay the debt to nature due,  
 O beg of God to make your hearts anew ;  
 That when to earth and friends you bid farewell.  
 You may with Christ in Heav'n for ever dwell.

---

In love he liv'd, in peace he died,  
 His life was ask'd, but God denied.

---

If ever truth in epitaph was told,  
 Reader, for truth, this character behold ;  
 To act uprightly was through life his plan,  
 Tho' poor he liv'd, he died an honest man.

**In Cumberland.**

**St. Mary's, Whitehaven.**

---

**ON CAPTAIN RICHARD PINDER,**

*Of the Hammond.*

Beneath wide ocean's distant wave he sleeps,  
While widow'd love, in silent anguish weeps ;  
Till that dread day, when from their wat'ry bed,  
The raging sea shall render up its dead.

---

All those we love decay, we die in part,  
String after string is sever'd from the heart ;  
Till loosen'd life, at last but breathing clay,  
Without one pang is glad to fall away.  
Unhappy he who latest feels the blow,  
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low ;  
Dragg'd lingering on from partial death to death,  
Till dying, all he can, resigns his breath.

## ON ELIZA KIRKPATRICK.

Should nature mourn the rigid doom that gave,  
 To youth and innocence an early grave ;  
 Since freed from human ills a numerous train,  
 The child and husband's loss is her eternal gain.

**Cross Canonby church-yard.**

Here lies interr'd a chaste and virtuous wife,  
 Who smil'd at death, and calm resign'd hër life ;  
 The soul dismantl'd of its cumbrous clay,  
 To bliss eternal now has wing'd its way ;  
 Long live her offspring, grant thou power divine,  
 And all the mother in her children shine.



In her was all affection could require,  
 All duty ask'd, all friendship could require ;  
 Humanity was hers and strength of mind,  
 With every milder exercise combin'd,  
 While virtue eager to complete the whole,  
 Diffus'd her magic colouring o'er her soul.

**Balston church-yard.**


---

ON LIEUTENANT PEARSON, HAWKSDALE.

required to pass thro' life's eventful day,  
 how soon its pageant duties fade away,  
 chequer'd hue, our earthly passage wears,  
 and virtue's blossoms are obscured by tears.  
 We're clasp'd in death's oblivious slumber sleeps,  
 the valued friend o'er whom affection weeps ;  
 Hark ! the trumpet sounds the clarion's ring,  
 hope springs to meet our Prophet and our King,  
 Saviour's hallow'd love shall pierce the clod,  
 and bid the pure in heart behold their God.

---

**Castle-carrick church-yard.**


---

IN MEMORY OF

MARY, Wife of THOMAS DIXON.

ample currents let my sorrows flow,  
 and burst in all the sentiments of woe ;  
 the lost & friend to me sincerely dear,  
 thy sole support of ev'ry joy lies here ;

Below this stone remote from noise and strife,  
 The tender mother and the loving wife ;  
 Reclines her head upon this hap of clay,  
 Her sudden death snatch'd all my joys away,  
 Her infant babe who never saw the light,  
 Lock'd in her arms remains in constant night ;  
 Oft has she wip'd away the widow's tear,  
 And made the orphan's grateful smile appear ;  
 Now the pure soul is from the body flown,  
 Confin'd in dust the body lies alone ;  
 But shall awake at the last powerful voice,  
 And with the saints in triumph shall rejoice.

---

### Lanercost Abbey.

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#### ON MARY BOWMAN, BURDOSWALD.

Unpitying death, and the destroyer time,  
 Here fix'd my period ere I reach'd my prime ;  
 Cropt as a flow'r I wither'd in my bloom,  
 Tho' flattering hope had promis'd years to come.

---

All things are right that God has done,  
 Then marvel not I'm called so young.

*The following Epitaph was formerly in*

LANERCOST CHURCH.

*Sir Rowland Vaux*, that sometime was the lord of  
*Triermain*,  
 Is dead, his body clad in lead, and lies low under this  
 stane ;  
 Ev'n as we, ev'n so was he, on earth a levan man,  
 Ev'n as he, ev'n so maun we, for all the craft we can.



Arthuret Church-yard.



ON ISAAC AND SARAH FORSTER.

Ah ! death at thy command we fall,  
 The old and young alike obey thy call ;  
 No strength or beauty can thy power withstand,  
 Could youth or goodness made thee relent,  
 Thou had'st not here these helpless captives sent.

## ON PEGGY IRVING.

Had restless time whose harvest is each hour,  
 But deign'd to pause and view this lovely flow'r,  
 In pity he'd have turn'd his scythe away,  
 And left it blooming till a future day ;  
 But he, alas ! regardless levels all,  
 Both flow'rs and weeds alike promiscuous fall,

---

Our life is but a Winter's day,  
 Some only breakfast and away ;  
 Others to dinner stay and are full fed,  
 The oldest man but sups and goes to bed ;  
 Large is his debt, who lingers out the day,  
 Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

---

Could lettered stone, or monumental bust  
 Rekindle life, or animate the dust,  
 Oh ! what high altars would a mother raise,  
 Toil would be rapture, labour would be praise !  
 But since the fix'd decree can change no more,  
 Nor prayers nor tears departed life restore ;  
 Since vain the sculptor's and the poet's bays,  
 Accept, lamented shade, these simple lays ;  
 Accept the tribute nature offers here,  
 A weeping mother hanging o'er thy bier ;  
 Whose early promise, shrouded in the tomb,  
 Spreads o'er her soul more than sepulchral gloom.

# In Wetheral church.

---

*Between the north aisle and the chancel, are the effigies  
of a man and woman, with the following legend  
in old characters almost obliterated.*

Here lies Sir Richard Salkeld, that knight,  
Who in his land was mickle of might ;  
The Captain and Keeper of Carlisle was he,  
And also the Lord of Corkebye ;  
And now he lies under this stane,  
He and his Lady dame Jane ;  
The eighteenth of Februer,  
This gentle knight was buried here,  
I pray you all that this do see,  
Pray for their souls for charitie ;  
For as they are now,—so must we all be.

---

Here lies that happy maiden, who often said  
That no man is happy until he is dead,—  
That the business of life is but playing the fool,  
Which hath no relation to saving the soul ;  
For all the transactions that's under the sun,  
Is doing of nothing—if that be not done  
All wisdom and knowledge does lie in this one !



## Skelton church-yard.

---

### ON TWO SAILORS.

Tho' *Borcas'* blasts, and *Neptune's* waves,  
 Have toss'd us to and fro ;  
 In spite of both, by God's decree,  
 We anchor here below.  
 Tho' here we safe in harbour lie,  
 With many of our fleet ;  
 We shall one day set sail again,  
 Our Admiral Christ to meet.

---

*A flat stone in this Church-yard, marks where a dutiful son deposited the remains of his mother.—Being a frugal husbandman, he would not employ a stone-cutter, but with a tooth of harrow made this inscription :—*

Here lys the body of AN KAY,  
 Untill ye res'rection day.

---

Hush ! ye fond flutterings, hush ! while here alone,  
 I search the records of each mouldering stone.

# **Ponsonby Church.**

---

*The following Inscription, engraven upon a copper-plate, was found affixed to a tomb stone, within this parish Church of Ponsonby.*

HERE LYETH THE BODY OF

FRANCES PATRYCKSON,

*Daughter of Sir Thomas Wyat, Knight,*

One of the most Honorable Pryve Councell to King  
HENRYE VIII.

Sometime wyfe of THOMAS LIGHT, of *Calder*,

And at the day of her death wyfe of

*William Patryckson, gentleman.*

God gave this wyfe a mynde to praye, in grones and  
pangs of deth,  
And to Heav'n elevaytinge hands and eyes smylinglie,  
to yeld breth :  
And thus at age of LVI. to grave she took her waye,  
God grant that she, and we may meet in joy at the  
last daye.

She dyed the XVI of Julii, in the yere of our  
Lord 1578.

**Kirklington church-yard.**

---

**ON MR. WILLIAM WATSON,**

*Of Newtown of Irthington,*

**AND HIS DAUGHTER JANE.**

A loving husband and a friend sincere,  
A tender father lies sepulchred here ;  
Who meekly liv'd, and at his parting breath,  
Shew'd the true christian's triumph over death ;  
And, oh ! what bosom would not wish to close,  
With so much glory life's last scene of woes.

The daughter too our warmest praise shall claim,  
If virtue's blossoms can adorn a name ;  
In the sweet grace of modesty attir'd,  
She bloom'd, perform'd her duties, and expir'd !

T. SANDERSON.

---

*On an old stone defaced.*

Man's life to labour is ordain'd,  
And happy's their employ,  
Who live to God, and die in Christ,  
Their's shall be endless joy.

ON CHRISTOPHER LITTLE,

INNKEEPER ;

*At Bolton Fell-end,*

Who was killed by a large Mass of earth falling  
upon him, while sinking a well, on the

13th January, 1808 ;

*Aged 34 years.*

Call not, ye friends, that fate severe,  
Which in life's vigour laid him low ;  
For who would wish to linger here,  
Amidst a dreary world of woe.

T. SANDERSON.

ON GEORGE WRIGHT,

*Of Hallfoot Mills,*

*Aged 66.*

Christ is to me as life on earth,  
And death to me is gain ;  
Because I hope, through him alone,  
Salvation to obtain.

# **Scaleby church-yard.**

---

ON THOMAS DALTON,

*Of Field-foot.*

Farewell! vain world, I now my leave must take,  
 And all thy fleeting vanities forsake ;  
 Too oft has thy temptations led me wrong,  
 To wander where my peace did not belong ;  
 But blessed ever are the dead who die  
 In Christ, for they shall reign with him on high,—  
 When time shall cease to happiness aspire,  
 See God in glory and this world on fire.

---

ON RICHARD BLAYLOCK,

*Of Long-park.*

This stone is fix'd to let you know,  
 When I the *Jordan* cross'd ;  
 My *Joshua* my pilot was,  
 Therefore I am not lost.  
 My faith doth now drive back the flood,  
 My feet touch *Sion's* shore ;  
 My Saviour welcomes me on land,—  
 I'll praise him ever more.

**Stapleton church-yard.**

---

ON EDWARD IRVING,

*Of Harper-hill.*

He bequeathed the interest of £80 for ever, to be divided amongst the poor of *Stapleton quarter*, on his grave every old Christmas day.

Here the firm friend and humble Christian lies,  
Meek, modest, frugal, peaceful, temperate, wise ;  
No grief nor pain his steady mind depress'd,  
By conscience pure and powerful reason bless'd ;  
With soul resign'd to Heav'n's all-conquering sway,  
He sought the regions of eternal day.

---

ON MR. ANDREW DODGSON,

AND

MRS. DODGSON,

*Of Croft.*

Ye mortals think not by our lengthen'd fate,  
Your stay on earth will be of equal date ;  
To day the strength of manhood may be yours,  
To-morrow's sun may bring a state like ours.

*In the Chancel,*

IN MEMORY OF

JOHN ROUTLEDGE,

*Of Bush,*

Who died, October 23, 1775 ; aged 72.

In peaceful virtue's sacred paths he trod ;  
Hence learn of him true wisdom to explore,  
That you in death may joyful meet your God,  
And rise to life when time shall be no more.



A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE

REV. WILLIAM GRAHAM,

*And of*

WILLIAM HIS SON ;

*The father who was Rector of this Parish 25 years,*

Died, November 18, 1795 ; aged 70.

*The son, who adorned a short life with many virtues,*

Died, August 2, 1799 ; in the 21st year of his age.

A friend to all, with ev'ry good man's praise,  
Among his flock, the shepherd pass'd his days,

From earth's vain objects raised the mental eye,  
 To truths that teach us how to live and die ;  
 While to impress the doctrines that he taught,  
 His pious life its sacred rhetoric brought.

As o'er the reverend father's grave we mourn,  
 Shall we not mark the son's untimely urn ?  
 Lamented youth ! as long as worth is dear,  
 Long as departed virtue claims a tear ;  
 Rich in all honors that the good can give,  
 Thou in the record of the heart shalt live.

T. SANDERSON.

---

---

*In the Quire on a neat monument*

IN MEMORY OF

JOHN ROUTLEDGE, Esq.

*Late of Cumcrook in this parish, and Lord of the  
 Manor of Houghton, in Hants.*

Who died at Carlisle, February 27, 1811 ;

In the 48th year of his age,

*And was buried in the Chancel of this Church, where  
 the remains of several of his ancestors are deposited.*

He discharged the duties  
 Of several important stations in the civil service  
*Of the Honorable East India Company,*  
 With the most unblemished integrity and with  
 Indefatigable assiduity.



In the private relations of life, he was distinguished  
 By great sweetness of temper ;  
 A frank unsuspecting and affectionate heart,  
 And a very uncommon disinterestedness  
 Concerning money, except on occasions by which  
 Modest merit might be encouraged,  
 Or misery relieved.

His two surviving sisters, deeply regretting  
 Their separation in this life  
 From so affectionate and liberal a brother,  
 And hoping to be united to him in a state of endless  
 Happiness,  
 Have caused this monument to be erected !

---

**Brampton old church-yard.**

---

ON THOMAS TOPPING,

BUTCHER ;

*Died, December 1, 1785 ; aged 38 years.*

But I, in prosperous days presum'd,  
 No sudden change I fear'd ;  
 Whilst in my sunshine of success  
 My lowering cloud appear'd.

## ON JOHN RICHARDSON,

*Of Easby,*

Died, May 28, 1799 ; aged 75.

Thro' the world's immeasurable space,  
 Go, sinful man and learn thy God to trace ;  
 Should'st thou above the highest Heav'n ascend,  
 Could'st thou below the depths of Hell descend ;  
 There should his awful presence shine confest,  
 There his Almighty arm thy course arrest,  
 What power, alas ! thy footsteps can convey,  
 Beyond the reach of his o'er-ruling sway,  
 Then strive each word, each action to improve,  
 Believe and profit by thy Saviour's love.

---

 ON BETSEY,
*An Infant daughter of*

JONAH SIMPSON,

*Of Crooked-holm.*

Here innocence and beauty lie, whose breath  
 Was snatch'd by early, not untimely death  
 Here did she go, just as she did begin  
 Sorrow to know, before she knew to sin ;  
 Death that does sin and sorrow thus prevent,  
 Is the next blessing to a life well spent.

ON JOHN BOUSTEAD,

*Of Great Easby,*

Died, February 6, 1794 ; aged 37.

O ! parents, wife, and children all,  
I pray don't weep for my just call ;  
I am brought here by God's decree  
To rest awhile from labour free,  
Till the great day, then hope to rise  
Thro' Christ to gain a glorious prize.



ON ROBERT DAVIDSON.

All you my friends as you pass by  
Behold the place where I do lie,  
From all my griefs and troubles free,  
Prepare yourselves and follow me.



ON ISAAC AND ELIZA MESSENGER.

Time was like you, we life possess'd,  
And time will be when you shall rest.

## ON WILLIAM LINNEL,

*Of Crow-hill.*

Adieu ! dear *Linnel*, from the shades of night,  
 Thy passage swift unto the realms of light ;  
 Hard was thy conflict, but thy pains are o'er,  
 And trouble never shall oppress thee more.

---

## ON SAMUEL PEARS,

*Died, 21st May, 1818 ; aged 69.*

In thy fair book of life divine,  
 My God ! inscribe my name ;  
 Then let it fill some humble place,  
 Beneath the slaughter'd lamb.

---

## ON JOHN DIXON,

*Of Denton-holm,*

ATTORNEY AT LAW ;

*Died, November 5, 1792 ; aged 53 years.*

To his lamented loss, for time to come,  
 His grieved widow consecrates this tomb ;  
 With tears inscribes this monumental stone,  
 That holds his ashes and expects her own.

**Brampton new church-yard.**

---

IN MEMORY OF  
**JOHN GIBSON,**  
SCHOOL-MASTER ;

*Who died, October 18, 1815 ; aged 50 years.*

Pause reader here ! within this bed of earth  
Slumber the relics of departed worth ;  
A few sad friends who *Gibson's* loss bemoan,  
Have to his memory rais'd this humble stone.  
A moment stay and mingle with the sigh,  
Rais'd by the thought that thou too, low must lie.

---

**Rockcliff Church-yard.**

---

IN MEMORY OF  
**JOHN NIXON,**

*Aged 26 years.*

With Christian fortitude that few attain,  
Submissively resign'd he bore his pain ;

His parents honour'd and his friends rever'd,  
 Death nipt the bud ere yet the bloom appear'd.  
 But blessed ever are the dead which lie  
 In Christ, for they shall sing with him on high,  
 When time shall cease to happiness aspire,  
 See God in glory and this world on fire.

---

ON THE REV. WILLIAM ROBINSON,

*Of Crook-Dykes,*

Who died, May 17, 1779 ; aged 61 years.

I living planted trees,—of one is made  
 This chest wherein my body now is laid ;  
 Which to the grave is brought by God's decree,  
 There to remain corruption for to see ;  
 Till Christ who is the life shall come and say,  
 Ye dead arise—It is the Judgment Day.

---

As sprightly as the lark I rose,  
 And hail'd the rising sun,  
 But before his daily course was clos'd,  
 My precious life was gone.  
 Cut down in youthful manly prime,  
 In health and vigour strong ;  
 Be careful how you spend your time,  
 For certainty their's none.

~~Upper-Denton church-yard.~~

---

ON MARGARET TEASDALE,

*Of Mumpshall,*

Who died, May 5, 1777; aged 98 years.

What I was once some may relate,  
 What I am now is each one's fate;  
 What I shall be none can explain,  
 Till he that called, call again.

---

IN MEMORY OF

GEORGE TEASDALE,

*Of Mumpshall,*

Who died, April 27, 1753; aged 25 years.

Altho' in death's cold arms I make my bed,  
 My body sleeps until the great assize;  
 When the last trump shall wake the dead,  
 Then I, with those that sleep in Christ, shall rise.

**Nether-Benton church-yard.**

---

ON EDWARD BELL AND ANN HIS WIFE,

*Of Lodges.*

Tir'd with travelling thro' this world of sin,  
At length we're come to nature's inn ;  
To rest a while within this silent tomb,  
Till Christ doth come to take us home ;  
When Christ appears we hope to rise  
Unto a life that never dies.

---

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

JOHN HODGSON,

*Late of Low-Houses,*

YEOMAN ;

Who died, December 17, 1808 ; aged 84 years.

His disposition was benevolent,  
His heart tender, his temper cheerful,  
And his piety exemplary.



He was a loving husband, an affectionate parent,  
A sincere friend, and a good Christian.

“Honorable age is not that which standeth in length  
of time, nor that which is measured by number of  
years ; but wisdom is the grey hair unto men, and an  
unspotted life is old age.”

Ne'er grudge the care in virtue you employ,  
Your present toil will prove your future joy.

---

---

ON THOMAS, Son of JAMES ELLIOT,

*Of Birch-cragg,*

Who died, March 6, 1809 ; aged 13 years.

Tho' infant years no pompous honors claim,  
The vain parade of monumental fame  
To be their praise, the last great day shall rear  
The spotless innocence that sleepeth here.

---

---

ON EDWARD BELL,

Who died, 8th July, 1736 ; aged 16 years.

Cropt in his blooming age ; if we by grace  
His time compute, he liv'd but a short space.  
Dead whilst alive, in dying life begins,  
Short race of life—but what—a crown he wins !

In sin, him death attacks, but grace steps in  
 And makes him triumph over death and sin ;  
 Thus by Christ's death, in death he's made to cry,  
 "Death where's thy sting?" "Grave where's thy victory?"

---

ON MARY LAWSON,

*Of Milton,*

Aged 7 years.

Like flow'rs that open with the morning sun  
 And die away before one course is run ;  
 So blow'd this flow'r and promised much delight,  
 But, oh ! she wither'd with the shades of night ;  
 Transplanted now behold she ever shines  
 In better soil and far more happy climes.

---

ON CHARLES BELL,

Who died, April 20, 1774 ; aged 23 years.

Behold a man lies mould'ring in this tomb,  
 A youth nipt off just rip'ning into bloom ;  
 But yet grieve not at my departed breath,  
 The paths of life lie thro' the gates of death ;  
 All meaner things let Heav'n-born souls despise,  
 And soar extatic to their native skies.

## In Isel church.

---

*In the Choir is this Inscription :—*

Hic jacet ille cinis, qui modo LAWSON erat.

Even such is time which takes in trust,  
Our youth and joys and all we have,  
And pays us but with age and dust,  
Within the dark and silent grave :

When we have wand'red all our ways,  
Shuts up the story of our days ;  
And from which earth and grave, and dust,  
The Lord will raise me up I trust.

*Wilfridus Lawson, Miles, obitt. 16 ; die. Apr. anno.  
Aetatis, suæ 87,—Annoque salutis 1632.*

---

## Kreby church.

---

*On a tombstone on the south side of the Chancel :*

GEORGE CRAGG,

*Of Prior-Hall, gent.*

Who faithfully served Queen *Elizabeth*, King *James*,  
Prince *Henry*, and *Charles* King of England, 1626.

## West Ward church.

## A MEMORATIVE EPITAPH

*For that excellently accomplished gentleman,*

RICHARD BARWISE,

*Late of Ilkirk, Esq.*

He died the 13th February, 1640,

*In the 47th year of his age.*

Below, good *Barwise's* closed-in body lies,  
Whose saintly soul joys crown'd above the skies;  
City's wise guide, country's chief ornament,  
In grace and nature's gifts most eminent,  
Grave, prudent, pious, stor'd with virtues best,  
Exchanging life for death, by death lives blest;  
Of whom it's said, none here liv'd more approv'd,  
None died more miss'd, none miss'd was more belov'd;  
Whose virtuous wife in sable thoughts doth mourn  
Her turtle's loss till laid near to his urn;  
Oh! pity great so choice a couple should,  
Without grand issue, be reduc'd to mould;  
Nor can they well, while here they leave a name,  
Shall them survive till they revive again.

# **Broomfield church.**

---

IN MEMORY OF

RICHARD GARTH, M. A.

*Vicar of this Parish.*

*Bromfield's Pastor's* here intomb'd,  
*Richard Garth* so was he nam'd ;  
 God's word to's flock he did declare  
 Twice a-day, and would not spare  
 T' instruct the youth, help the needy,  
 Visit the sick, always ready  
 To end debate amongst his neighbours,  
 Now he rests from all his labours ;  
 Rebellious spirits, he always did hate,  
 Obedient to the church, true to the state,  
 Now with Heav'n's choir he sings,  
 An anthem to the king of kings. —1673.

---

Hallowed be the Sabbath,  
 And farewell all earthly pelf ;  
 The week begins on *Tuesday*,  
 For *Munday* hath hanged himself.

In Holm-Cultram church.

---

November 8, 1619.

THOMAS CHAMBER,

*Of Raby-coat,*

Buried.

*Married ANN MUSGRAVE, daughter of Jack.*

In this Church are the following Epitaphs upon other persons of the same family.

---

October 21, 1586.

Here lyeth

ANN MUSGRAVE,

Being murdered, the 19th of the said month, with the shot of a pistol in her own house at *Raby-coat*, by one *Robert Beckworth*. She was daughter of *Jack Musgrave, Captain of Beaucastle, Knt.* She was married to *Thomas Chamber, of Raby-coat*, and had issue six sons, videl. *Robert, Thomas, John, Row. Arthur, Will.* and a daughter *Florence*.

*April 5, 1620.*

Here lyeth

BARBARA, first Wife to FERGUS GRAHAM, .

*Of Nunnery,*

The second Wife of

THOMAS CHAMBER,

*Of Raby-coat.*



*February VII. 1655.*

*John Chamber*, till death brought him here,  
 Maintain'd still the custome clear ;  
 The church, the wood, and parish right,  
 He did defend with all his might ;  
 Kept constantly holy sabbath daies,  
 And did frequent the church alwaies.  
 Gave alms truly to the poor,  
 Who dayly sought it at his door ;  
 And purchas'd land as much and more,  
 Than all his elders did before ;  
 He had four children; with two wives,  
 They died young, the one wife survives,  
 None better of his rank could be  
 For liberal hospitallitie.

# Wigton church.

*On the north entrance into the Quire, there is a  
plate of brass on the wall, with this  
Inscription :—*

## A MEMORATIVE EPITAPH

For the worthy and loving

COLONEL THOMAS BARWISE,

Who died the 15th day of December, 1648 ;

*Ætates suæ 27.*

Stay passenger ! for there bold *Barwise* lies,  
Whose sainted spirit soars above the skies ;  
Stout, wise, yet humble, fitted in each part  
For more command, of comely body, pious heart ;  
Dear to his people, country, kindred dear,—  
Dear to his own associates every where ;  
Who, living was life's lively portraiture,  
And dying Colonel lives crowned sure.

This Thomas was father to Mr. Barwise of Ilkirk,



In 1612, *William Larson*, the Vicar, being removed to *Hutton*, the Vicarage was given by *Bishop Robinson*, to *Sir Thomas Warcup, Clerk*; which *Thomas* long before his death, caused his monument to be erected in the Church-yard, with the following Epitaph (all except the date of his own death), of his own composing.

*Thomas Warcup* prepar'd this stone,  
To mind him oft—of his best home;  
Little but sin and misery here,  
Till we be carried on our beere;  
Out of the grave and earth's dust,  
The Lord will raise me up I trust;  
To live with Christ eternallie,  
Who one to save himself did die.

*Mihi est Christus et in vita et in morte lucem.*  
*Phil. 1, 21. Obiit Anno 1653.*

---

### St. Mary's, Carlisle.

---

ON MR. E. SIMPSON.

Nipt by the winds unkindly blast,  
Parch'd by the sun's director ray;  
The momentary glories waste,  
The short liv'd beauties die away.

## ON MR. J. DIXON.

Step soft ye friends, on hallow'd ground ye tread,  
 Lest you disturb the mansions of the dead ;  
 A tender parent rests in peaceful dust,  
 His manners gentle, and his actions just ;  
 Esteem'd he was by all, by all approv'd,  
 And died lamented, as he liv'd belov'd.

---

## ON MR. ROBERT BOYES,

*Teacher in Castle-street.*

How greatly useful once, avails thee not,  
 Thy jokes and foibles soon will be forgot ;  
 We're not ungrateful, now thy loss we see,  
 And raise this tombstone to thy memory.

*Erected by his Scholars.*

---

## ON MR. THOMAS CARLYLE,

*Who died, November 15, 1816.*

In life's long passage upright truth was thine,  
 In thy cold dust what spirit used to shine ;  
 Fancy and truth, and energy and zeal,  
 What most we love in life and losing feel ;  
 And ne'er did sorrowing friends to Heav'n commend,  
 A fonder parent or a firmer friend.

*Near this place are deposited the remains of*

**GEORGE LAMONBY,**

*Of Newtown, in this Parish,*

**CARRIER ;**

**Who departed this life, on the 19th of Feb. 1792 ;**

*In the 76th year of his age.*

**ALSO, OF**

**ANN LAMONBY, HIS WIFE,**

**Who departed this life on the 11th of Feb. 1802 ;**

*In the 84th year of her age.*

**ALSO, IN MEMORY OF**

**FRANCIS LAMONBY,**

*Of Newtown, Tanner ;*

**Son of the above George and Ann Lamonby,**

**Who departed this life, on the 18th October, 1809 ;**

**In the 48th year of his age.**

Beneath this grass I mould'ring lie,  
Content to live and pleas'd to die ;  
Life has its comforts it is true,  
For which to God our thanks are due,  
But Heav'n is the place of rest,  
Where good men ever will be blest.

TO THE MEMORY OF

WILLIAM MILES,

*Late Master-gunner of Carlisle Castle,*

Who departed this life, 11th of January, 1814 ;

*Aged 74.*

He was in his Majesty's service 59 years, viz.—38  
the *Royal Artillery*, and 21 in the *Civil department*  
of the honorable board of *Ordnance*.

hat all must die is nature's firm decree,  
ut how, or when, or where, is hid from thee ;  
e ever watchful then, preparing still,  
nd welcome death, come here when ere he will.



*On a brass plate fastened to a tombstone,*

TO THE MEMORY OF

ROBERT KIRKMICHAEL, JUN.

*Who departed this life, the 24th of October, 1788 ;*

*Aged 60 years.*

Affliction sore with patience bore,  
Physicians were in vain,  
Till death did seize and God did please,  
To ease me of my pain.

*In the south-west Aisle of the Chancel, on the wall  
there are the two following Inscriptions:—*

---

Here is deposited, till a general Resurrection,

Whatever was mortal of the

*Right Reverend Father in God,*

SIR GEORGE FLEMING, BART.

*Late Lord Bishop of Carlisle ;*

Whose regretted dissolution was in July 2, 1747 ;

*In the 81st year of his age,*

And the 13th of his Consecration.

A prelate,

Who, by general and well-merited advancements,

Having passed through every dignity

To the Episcopal ;

Supported that with an amiable assemblage

Of graces and virtues,

Which eminently formed in his character

The courteous gentleman and the pious Christian,

And rendered him a shining ornament

To his species, his nation, his order,

And his deportment.

In all humane relations and positions,  
 Was squared by the rules of morality and religion,  
 Under the constant direction of consummate prudence,  
 Whilst his equanimity amidst  
 All events and occurrences in an inviolable adherence  
 To the golden medium ;  
 Made him easy to himself and agreeable to others,  
 And had its reward in a cheerful life,  
 A serene old age, a composed death.  
 His excellent pattern was a continual lesson  
 Of goodness and wisdom,  
 And remains in his ever-venerable memory,  
 An illustrious object of praise and imitation.

---

MILDRED,

*A daughter of the Right Reverend Sir Geo. Fleming,*

Of Rydall, Bart.

*Lord Bishop of Carlisle ;*

And relict of Edward Stanley, of Ponsonby-Hall, Esq.

*Died, June 27, 1787 ; aged 71.*

In grateful remembrance of an affectionate parent,  
 Whose maternal tenderness,  
 Exemplary fortitude and Christian resignation  
 In trying scenes of domestic affliction,

Were ever eminently conspicuous,  
And whose terrestrial remains  
(*Such alas ! is the humbling lot of mortality*),  
Are mingled here with dust and ashes.

*George Edward Stanley, of Ponsonby-Hall, Esq.*  
Her only son, and the only survivor of her issue,  
Caused this monument to be erected.

---

### St. Cuthbert's, Carlisle.

---

TO THE MEMORY OF

CATHERINE, the Wife of ALLAN GRAHAM,

*Who died, February 14, 1821 ; aged 44 years.*

Come ye sinners poor and wretched,  
Now is the accepted hour ;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity join'd with power.  
Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream :  
All the fitness he requireth,  
Is to feel your need of him.

## SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

ANNE, the beloved Wife of RALPH HOLMES,

*Innkeeper, Carlisle.*

She departed this life, 10th September, 1819 ;

*Aged 36 years.*

## DESERVEDLY LAMENTED.

If worth departed draws from thee a tear,  
 Stop, passenger ! and pay thy tribute here,  
 To one in whom we saw those virtues blend,  
 That grace the wife, the parent, and the friend ;  
 To one, who strove each mortal to relieve,  
 Proud to support, but never to deceive ;  
 Be hers thy maxim till thy closing breath,  
 Still act a Christian's part and welcome death.



Thy years have flown with rapid wing,  
 But like the flying clouds of spring ;  
     That sweep the teeming earth,  
 They shed o'er thee a genial power,  
 To foster every fragrant flower,  
     Of wisdom and of worth.  
 Raptur'd we saw each opening day,  
 Blossoms of piety display,  
     Or genius to genius join.  
 'Twas ours to drink the perfum'd breath,  
 Gaze on their bloom till lost in death,  
     Their fruits bless'd child are thine.



**Stanwix church-yard.**

---

*On a brass plate fastened to a stone in the ground.*

HERE RESTS THE BODY OF

ROWLAND SKELTON,

*Son of James and Margaret Skelton,*

Who death called out of the troubles of the world to  
a blessed eternity, March 10, 1782 ;

*In the 2nd year of his age.*

“ But now he is dead wherefore should I fast, can I  
bring him back again,—I shall go to him, but he  
shall not return to me.”

Thou’rt gone fair child, remov’d from earthly cares,  
Death called thee ere thy days knew sin ;  
With holy seraphs to join in prayer,  
Jehovah, Lord thy God and king.

---

## IN MEMORY OF

WINIFRED, Wife of JOHN RELPH,

*Of Carlisle,*

Who died, 19th March, 1815 ; aged 42 years.

Here rests the pattern of connubial life,  
 The tender mother and the faithful wife ;  
 Tho' early lost yet brilliant was her course,  
 For all her actions flow'd from virtue's source ;  
 Integrity was hers that would not bend,  
 And piety that still makes Heav'n our friend ;  
 Hers too the tender feelings,—for she join'd  
 Softness of heart to dignity of mind.  
 At that dread hour when freed from cumb'rous clay,  
 The spirit springs to climes of endless day,  
 Those Heav'n-born hopes were hers that sweetly  
 gleam,  
 And blend their light with life's departing beam.

T. SANDERSON.



ON MR. DAVID BEATY,

*Aged 27.*

Instant death to merit blind,  
 The promis'd lot of human kind ;  
 No age avails, no youth can fly,  
 Worth and beauty too must die.

ON MR. MATTHEW WILKINSON,

*Who died, September 6, 1807 ; aged 34 years.*

To earth's dark bosom here we saw consign'd  
 What e'er was soft and meek in human kind ;  
 Friendship's warm glow, affection's precious tear,  
 Lie quench'd in death's oblivious slumbers here.  
 But not forever cas'd in mould'ring dust,  
 Sleep the ethereal spirits of the just ;  
 Messiah's pitying love shall pierce the grave,  
 And the pure essence of existence save.



*Here lie the remains of the*

REV. JOHN FARRER,

*Vicar of this parish for 13 years,*

Who departed this life, November 23, A. D. 1808,

*Aged 73 years.*

Friends or strangers !  
 Who read the date of my departure,  
 Remember that your own is also drawing nigh,  
 When you must pass into a state of eternal  
 And unchangeable happiness or misery,  
 According as you have been faithful or unfaithful  
 In your service upon earth.

Everlasting life and death,  
Unutterable good and evil are now set before you,  
And while it is yet day,  
You are free to choose between them ;  
May God be with you in this momentous choice,  
And make you wise unto Salvation,  
Through faith in Christ Jesus.

---

*Beneath are deposited the remains of the*

**REV. MICHAEL WHEELWRIGHT,**

Minister of *St. Mary's*, and Lecturer of *St. Cuthbert's*  
in *Carlisle*, and formerly, during 19 years,  
Curate of this parish,

*He departed this life, May 6, 1807 ; aged 54.*

Respected by his parishioners,  
As their sincere and willing servant in Christ.

Endeared to his friends by mild manners  
And inviolable fidelity ;  
He never had an enemy except the unworthy.

To the memory of a husband deservedly beloved  
And deeply regretted.

*This monument was erected by Mary Wheelwright.*

“ The memory of the just is blessed.”

IN MEMORY OF

WILLIAM GARNETT,

*An Inhabitant of this parish, who was unfortunately  
drowned in the River Eden,*

July 17, 1806 : in the 22d year of his age.

*This monument was erected as a tribute of esteem by  
his brethren of the Loyal Cumberland Rangers.*

Reader ! if virtue's path thou dost not tread,  
O ! take this lesson from the silent dead ;  
From folly fly and to religion turn,  
For soon will life's short taper cease to burn.

---

TO THE MEMORY OF

JUDITH, the Wife of JOHN GIBBONS,

*And daughter of Joseph and Mary Ferguson,*

Of Harker,

*Who died, the 30th of September, 1781 ; aged 36.*

Also JUDITH her daughter, who died in her infancy.

Behold my friend and cast an eye,  
Then go thy way, prepare to die ;  
Repent with speed, make no delay,  
I in my prime was called way.

**Eynemouth Monastery, Northumberland.**

---

The bodies of MALCOLM, King of Scotland,  
*And his son, Prince Edward, both slain on*  
 St. Bride's day, A. D. 1094 ;  
*Were interred in this Monastery.*

---

**In Eynemouth Church-yard.**

---

*Here wait a blessed resurrection the mortal remains of*

**ARCHIBALD SEPTIMUS HEDGE,**

*Lieutenant, East-Essex Militia,*

Who died, August 26, 1805 ; aged 28 years.

No sculptur'd marble, here no pompous lay,  
 No storied urn, nor monumental bust ;  
 This simple stone directs a sister's way,  
 To pour her sorrows o'er a brother's dust.  
 A A

IN MEMORY OF

ROBERT AND ELIZABETH COLLINGS'

CHILDREN.

Paternal God and author of our frame,  
Thy kingdom come and hallowed be thy name ;  
May we obey like angels in the sky,  
Our daily wants with daily bread supply ;  
As we our debtors, do thou our debts forgive,  
Guard us from vice while here on earth we live ;  
So shall our goodness in our welfare shine,  
Then be the kingdom, power, and glory thine.

---

IN MEMORY OF

DINAH JACKSON,

*Of North Shields,*

Who died, 25th April, 1799 ; aged 58.

Here rests from all the cares of life,  
The tender mother and the virtuous wife ;  
Each fleeting day affections sweet did tend,  
The kind companion and the constant friend ;

Mixt with its native dust the body lies,  
 The soul triumphs and lives above the skies ;  
 Stop, passenger ! look o'er this hallow'd spot,  
 What now is here, one day shall be thy lot !

---

HERE LIETH THE BODY OF

HENRY REAY, Esq.

*Merchant ;*

Alderman, and twice Mayor of Newcastle-upon-Tyne,

*Died, October 18, 1743 ; aged 63 years.*

He was a Magistrate able,  
 Generous, and of a truly pure spirit of religion.

A zealous advocate and defender of the  
 Church of England, and those that wait at its altar.

A sincere friend and understanding patron,  
 In the various Institutions of public charity, a prudent  
 Director and munificent benefactor  
 Of exact integrity in commerce.  
 Humanity to strangers, civility to acquaintances,  
 And generosity to all.



SARAH, Wife of THOMAS FENWICK,  
*Of Milbourn-Place, North Shields,*

Who died, 5th September, 1805 ; aged 33.

Beneath reposes all that Heav'n could give,  
 To sweeten life and bid affection live ;  
 One who evinced as mother, wife and friend,  
 That virtue was her being's aim and end.

But while with tears thy early fate we mourn,  
 Sigh for these joys that never can return ;  
 May we one spark of thy bright virtues gain,  
 Like thee to live and endless bliss obtain.

---

**Knaresdale church-yard.**

---

ON ROBERT BAXTER,

*Who was poisoned, October 4, 1796 ;*

Aged 50 years.

All you that please these lines to read,  
 'Twill cause a tender heart to bleed ;  
 I murder'd was upon the *Fell*,  
 And by the man I knew full well.

By bread and butter which he laid,  
 I, being harmless, was betray'd ;  
 I hope he will rewarded be,  
 Who laid that poison there for me.

*Robert Baxter* died in great agony, in consequence of eating some bread and butter, containing a quantity of Arsenick, which he found wrapt up in a clean Linnen cloth, as he was taking his accustomed walk on his Sheep pasture. A revengeful neighbour with whom he had quarrelled was suspected to have prepared this poisoned food, purposely for his destruction.

---

### **North Shields church-yard.**

---

*The following Epitaph has been the subject of much laughter to many persons on account of its absurdity :*

IN MEMORY OF

JAMES BELL,

*Of North Shields,*

Who died, 16th of January, 1763 ; aged 42 years.

MARGARET, Widow of the above said JAS. BELL.

*Died, December 30 ; aged 49 years.*

She was Wife after to

*William Fenwick, of North Shields.*

The following Lines were written under it with a Pencil :—

As in the Scriptures it is said,  
No marriages in Heav'n are made ;  
It seems that *Margaret's* ghost did go,  
To *Pluto's* dreary realms below ;  
There she poor soul not long had tarried,  
Till her friend *Will* and she got married.

---

**Heworth Chapel, County of Durham.**

---

*A square Pillar with four brass plates,*

COMMEMORATE NINTY-ONE PERSONS,

Who were unfortunately killed

*In Fellon Collicry,*

May 24, 1812.

ON SUSANNAH, Wife of ROBERT DIXON,  
*Of North Shields,*

MASTER MARINER.

A loving wife, a parent dear,  
In virtuous path she trod ;  
A neighbour kind, a friend sincere,  
May Heav'n be her abode.

---

ON MARY SANDERSON.

She in a sacred calm resign'd her breath,  
And as her eye-lids closed, she smil'd in death.

---

West Bolden.

---

ON JANE TATE.

Weep not for me dear friends, but mark,  
Ye all must lose the vital spark ;  
Whether by sudden death or slow,  
For time will march and all must go.

## ON GEORGE ROBINSON.

Here lies in dust his cold remains,  
 Once kindled by a generous heart ;  
 In feeling others' wants and pains,  
 He bore a manly Christian part.

---

Kendal church, Westmoreland.

---

HERE LIETH THE BODY OF

RALPH TYRER,

*Late Vicar of Kendal, B. D.*

Who died, June 4, A. D. 1627.

*London* bred me, *Westminster* fed me,  
*Cambridge* sped me, my sister wed me ;  
 Study taught me, living sought me,  
 Learning brought me, *Kendal* caught me.  
 Labour press'd me, sickness distress'd me,  
 Death oppress'd me, the grave possess'd me ;  
 God first gave me, Christ did save me,  
 Earth did crave me, and Heav'n would have me.

Composed by himself.

IN MEMORY OF

MRS. FRANCES STRICKLAND,

*late Wife of Mr. John Strickland, of Strickland,*

And daughter of EDWARD BACKHOUSE, of

*Mooreland, Esq.*

She was born	{	24th of June,	{	1690.
Married				1708.
Buried				1725.

blem of temporal good, the day that gave  
 er birth and marriage, saw her in the grave ;  
 ing'd with its native love her soul took flight,  
 o boundless regions of eternal light.

---

Weep not my friends ! my race was run,  
 I rest in peace, the battle's won ;  
 My crown is bright, there's millions more,  
 Fight a good fight and be conqueror.  
 Press to the mark, the prize is sure,  
 Fear not, be strong, the race endure ;  
 Soon shall we meet to part no more,  
 Farewell, dear friends ! I only go before.

B 2

*On a brass plate :*

TO THE MEMORY OF

The most religious and orthodox Christian,  
*The most loyal subject, and most ancient, and most*  
*Serviceable member of this Corporation,*

WILLIAM GUY,

*Of Water-Crook, gentleman,*

Who died the 25th day of December, 1683 ;

*Aged 84 years.*

Had loyalty been life, brave *Guy* thou had then,  
 Stood *Kendal's* everlasting *Alderman*,—  
 Nay, could the joint united force of all,  
 That's good or virtuous over death prevail,  
 Thy life's time thread, no time or fate could sever,  
 And thou still liv'd to pray ' King live for ever.'  
 But thou art gone, a proof such virtue is,  
 Too good for earth and only fit for bliss ;  
 And blissful seats, where if blessed spirits do,  
 Concern themselves with any thing below ;  
 Thy prayers the same thou still dost supplicate,  
 For CHARLES life, for *England's* Church and State ;  
 Whilst to thy just eternal memory,  
 Envy and malice must in this agree,—  
 None better lov'd or serv'd his Prince than thee. }

# **Kendal church-yard.**

HERE LIETH THE BODY OF

JOSEPH HALL, M. A.

*Sometime Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford ;*

And late Rector of Wey-Hill, Hants.

Who,

By the help of good natural talents,  
And a constant application to literature,  
Acquired to a masterly perfection,  
The knowledge of various languages,  
Ancient and modern ;  
Of Philosophy, through all its branches ;  
Of Divinity his principal profession.

Such uncommon attainments, with an open  
Ingenuous temper,  
And the firmest integrity of heart,  
Rendered him a most valuable and faithful friend ;  
An useful and ornamental member of society ;  
An excellent College tutor,  
An accomplished and respectable parish Minister.



He departed this life in *Kendal*,  
 July 13, 1756 ;  
 On a piously intended visit to his aged parent,  
*Mr. Nicholas Hall, of Lazonby, Cumberland ;*  
 Who caused this monument to be erected  
 In memory of so deserving and dutiful a son.

---

**Hebersham church.**

---

*Between two arches in the north Aisle of the Chancel, belonging heretofore to the Bellinghams, and now to the Earls of Suffolk and Berkshire, is an elegant monument with the following Inscription :—*

HERE LYETH THE BODY OF THE

LADY DOROTHIE BELLINGHAM,

*Daughter of Sir Francis Boynton, of Barenston,*


*In the County of York, Knt.*

*And Wife to Sir Henry Bellingham, of Heslington,*

*In the County of Westmorland, Knt. and Bart.*

*She dyed the 23d of January, 1626 ; Aetat suæ 32.*

Thrise six year told, brought up by parents dear,  
 Daily by them instructed in God's fear ;



Twice seven years more I liv'd to one betroth,  
 Whose means,—yea life were common to us both ;  
 Seven children in that space to him I brought,  
 By nature perfect and of hopeful growth.  
 His parents unto me, dear as mine own,  
 There loves were such as to the world's well known ;  
 But ere that one year more her course had run,  
 God in his mercie unto me hath shewn ;  
 That all these earthly comforts are but joys,  
 Being compar'd with those celestial joys ;  
 Which thro' the blood of Christ are kept in store,  
 For those in whom his word has rul'd before ;  
 To labour borne I bore, and by that form  
 I bore to earth, to earth I straight was borne.

---

**In Betham church.**

---

*Near this pillar are interred the remains of*

**DANIEL WILSON, Esq.**

**Of Dallam Tour ;**

*Who departed this life the 31st of May, A. D. 1754 ;*

**Aged 74.**

*He married Elizabeth daughter of William Crowle;*

Of Hull, Esq. Yorkshire,

By whom he had issue 6 sons and 2 daughters.

He represented the County of *Westmoreland*,

In Parliament near 40 years,

With the strictest honor and integrity.

In private life,

He was an affectionate husband, an indulgent parent;

A sincere friend, an hospitable neighbour;

And in all stations of life,

His conduct was uniform and consistant.

*His son Edward Wilson, Esq.*

Erected this monument to his memory.



**In Segbergh Parish church.**



*On a marble monument.*

In pious memory of the Worshipful

SIR JOHN OTWAY, KNT.

*Vice Chancellor of the County palatine of Durham;*

Late one of the Readers of Gray's Inn,



*And one of His Majesty King CHARLES II. Counsel,*

Learned in the Law :

To whom he was very instrumental in his  
Happy restoration,  
He lived much beloved, and died much lamented,  
*The 15th of October, 1693 ;*  
In the 74th year of his age.

In memory of him, his sorrowful lady hath  
Caused this monument to be erected.

---

**St. Laurence, Appleby.**

---

*In the inside of this Church, at the south end of the  
Communion table, is a noble monument within high  
Iron grates ; on the south side of which monument is  
this Legend :—*

Here lyeth interred the body of

LADY MARGARET RUSSEL,

*Countess Dowager of Cumberland,*

Youngest child of Francis Russel, second Earl of  
Bedford ;

*Married to George Lord Clifford, third Earl of  
Cumberland ;*

She lived his Wife 29 years, and died his widow at  
Brougham Castle, 24th of May ;

Ten years and Seven months after his decease.

She had issue by him two sons, *Francis* and *Robert*,  
Who both died young ;

*And one daughter, the Lady Anne Clifford,*

Married to Richard Sackville, third Earl of Dorset ;

Who in the memory of her religious mother,  
Erected this monument A. D. 1617.

*Upon the north side of the same monument :—*

Who faith, love, mercy, noble constancy,

To God, to virtue, to distress, to right ;

Observ'd, express'd, shew'd, held religiously,

Hath here this monument : thou seest in sight,

The corn of her earthly part ; but, passenger !

Know Heav'n and fame contains the best of her.



Of them who wrapt in earth so cold,

No more the smiling day shall view ;

Should many a tender tale be told,

For many a tender thought is due.

LANGHORNE.

# Barton church.

On a brass plate in the Chancel is the following

Inscription :—

*Hic jacet Francisca Dawes, filia Thomæ Flecher, de Strickland, armigeri, natu maxima; perqueim charissima quidem et perdilecta usor Lanceloti Dawes, de Barton-kirk, generosi, quæ huic mundo, spe multo melioris, 23d Feb. veledixit; anno Actatis suæ 23; Annoque Dni 1673.*

Under this stone, reader ! interr'd doth lye,  
Beauty and virtue's true epitome :  
At her appearance the noon-sun  
Blush'd and shrunk in 'cause quite outdone.  
In her concentred did all graces dwell,  
God pluck'd my rose, that he might take a smell;  
I'll say no more : but weeping wish I may  
Soon with thy dear chaste ashes come to lay.

*" Sic efflevit maritus."*

C c

In Kirby Stephen church-Yard.

---

1762.

TO THE MEMORY OF

THE REV. JOSEPH LANGHORNE,

*Of Winton ;*

AND ISABEL HIS WIFE.

Her, who to teach this trembling hand to write,  
Toil'd the long day and watch'd the tedious night ;  
I mourn, tho' number'd with the Heav'nly host,  
With her the means of gratitude are lost.

J. LANGHORNE.

This is that *John Langhorne, D. D.* who hath  
favoured the public with many elegant productions,  
both in prose and verse.

---

In York Cathedral.

---

The briar-bound turf and cenotaph on high,  
Proclaim, proclaim aloud that men is born to die ;

Soon will the mournful yew, or cypress wave  
 O'er the grey stone, that marks thy silent grave;  
 Yet why repine since one benignant power  
 Ordains the natal and the final hour;  
 Revere his hallow'd laws, his mercy trust,  
 His arm paternal guards the wise and just;  
 Raise thy low groveling thoughts to scenes above,  
 Realms of eternal peace, and joy, and love.



TO THE MEMORY OF

WILLIAM BURGH, A. M.

Lost in a jarring world's tumultuous cries,  
 Unmark'd around us fall the good and wise;  
 Here *Burgh* is laid a venerable name,  
 To virtue sacred, not unknown to fame;  
 Let those he lov'd, let those who lov'd him tell,  
 How dear he liv'd and how lamented fell;  
 Tell of the void his social spirit left,  
 Of comforts long enjoy'd, for ever reft  
 Of wit that gilded many a sprightly hour—  
 Of kindness when the scene of Joy was o'er,  
 Of truth's ethereal beam, by learning given  
 To guide his virtues to their native Heav'n;  
 Nor shall their sorrowing voice be heard unmov'd,  
 While gratitude is left, or goodness lov'd;  
 But listening crowds this honour'd tomb attend,  
 And children's children, bless their father's friend.



ON A LADY.

If worth departed claims the Christian's sighs,  
Here pause and weep, for here a Christian lies ;  
Her gentle spirit sought the poor to bless,  
To bind up sorrows, wounds, and heal distress ;  
For this shall grief with tears bedew her sod.

---

In St. Giles Cripplegate, London.

---

*On a spacious monument,*

IN MEMORY OF

THOMAS BUSHBY,

*Citizen and Cooper,*

Obit. July 11, 1575 ;

*With his image, holding one hand on a death's head,  
the other with gloves, and with this Inscription.*

Thus *Bushby*, willing to relieve the poor,  
With fire and with bread ;  
Did give the house wherein he dwelt,  
Then called the *Queen's head*.

Four full loads of the best charcoal,  
 He would have bought each year ;  
 And forty dozen of wheaten bread,  
 For poor householders here.  
 To see these things distributed,  
 This *Bushby* put in trust.  
 The *Vicar* and *Church-Wardens*,  
 Thinking them to be just.  
 God grant that poor householders here,  
 May thankful be for such ;  
 So God will move the minds of more,  
 To do for them as much.  
 And let this good example move,  
 Such men as God hath bless'd,  
 To do the like before they go,  
 With *Bushby* to their rest.  
 Within this chapel *Bushby's* bones,  
 In dust awhile must stay ;  
 Till he that made them raise them up,  
 To live with Christ for aye.



On a marble monument.

*Within this aisle lyeth buried the body of*

CHARLES LANGLEY,

Some time of this parish, Ale' brewer,

*Who was buried the 8th day of June, 1662 ;*

And did give bountifully to the poor of this parish.

If *Langley's* life you list to know,  
 Read on and take a view ;  
 Of faith and hope I will not speak,  
 His works shall tell them true.  
 Who whilst he liv'd with counsel grave,  
 The better sort did guide ;  
 A stay to weak, a staff to poor,  
 Without backbite or pride.  
 And when he died he gave his M.  
 All that did him befall ;  
 For ever once a year to clothe,  
*St. Giles* poor with all.  
*All Saints* he pointed for the day,  
*Gowns*, twenty ready made ;  
 With twenty *shirts*, and twenty *smocks*,  
 As they may best be had.  
 A sermon eke he hath ordain'd,  
 That God may have his praise ;  
 And others might be won thereby,  
 To follow *Langley's* ways.  
 On *Vicar* and *Church-Wardens* then,  
 His trust he hath repos'd ;  
 As they will answer him one day,  
 When all shall be disclosed.  
 Thus being dead yet still he lives,  
 Lives never for to die ;  
 In Heav'n's bliss, in world's fame,  
 And so I trust shall I.

*Launcelot Andrews*, Vicar.

<i>John Taylor,</i> <i>Wil. Hewet,</i> <i>Edw. Stirling,</i> <i>Richard May.</i>	}	Church-Wardens.
---	---	-----------------

*In the front of the north gallery, is a fine head and  
accompaniments by Mr. Bacon,*

TO THE MEMORY OF

JOHN MILTON,

*Author of Paradise Lost ;*

Born December, 1608 ; died, November, 1674.

*His father John Milton, died, March, 1646 ;*

They were both interred in this Church.



TO THE MEMORY OF

ANN MARTHA HAND,

*Wife of G. Watson Hand, M. A. Vicar of this parish,*

Who died after a few hours illness, July 5, 1784 ;

*Aged 38 years.*

By the prudence of her conduct,  
By the sweetness of her temper, and the unaffected  
Piety of her heart,

Amidst times of dissipation,  
And in the possession of youth, beauty and fortune,  
An example of domestic and religious excellence.

For worth so dear, the eternal tear might flow,  
And love would sanctify an husband's woe ;  
But truth the record of that worth displays,  
And takes from sorrow, what it gives to praise.  
The alternate claims his grateful heart divide,  
And memory's misery is affection's pride.

**at St. Michael's church-yard, Dumfries.**

---

IN MEMORY OF

FRANCIS IRVING,

*Provost of Dumfries,*

Died, 8th November, 1633 ;

*Actat 68.*

King *James* the *first*, me Baliff nam'd,  
*Dumfries* oft since me Provost nam'd ;  
 God has for me ane crown reserv'd,  
 For king and country have I serv'd.

---

HERE LYES

JAMES CORRIE,

*Of Speddock,—Merchant,*

Who often enjoyed and faithfully discharged  
 The office of chief Magistrate within this Burgh.

D D

During a long and deserved trust he acted  
 With prudence and moderation,  
 And a steady zeal for the public interest,  
 Active, assiduous, enterprising.

He happily devised and successfully pursued the  
 Most commendable methods in business,  
 Revived declining trade, and excited by his example,  
 An industrious emulation in others.  
 In every respect (for it was his ambition),  
 He truly promoted the general weal  
 Having joined to an unblemished integrity  
 Those rare abilities, which rendered him amiable  
 And useful in life.

In death justly regretted as a good man,  
 A sincere friend and a worthy citizen.

He died, November 8, 1742 ; aged 59 years.

## ON A WOMAN,

*Who expressed a wish that if she was ever with Child,  
 she might-not survive its birth. She became  
 pregnant, and agreeable to her wish  
 died in Child-bed.*

In child-bed lare she often wish'd to dye,  
 And so she did—it pleas'd his Majestie.

TO THE MEMORY OF

THOMAS MOUAT,

*Wig-maker in Dumfries,*

Who died the 18th day of November, 1735 ;

*Aged 54 years.*

Two lovers true for ten years space absented  
By stormy seas and wars, yet liv'd contented ;—  
We met for eighteen years and married were,  
God smil'd on us, our wind blew always fair ;  
We're anchor'd here waiting our master's call,  
Expecting with him joys perpetual.

---

TO THE MEMORY OF

JAMES CORBET, Esq.

*Late Provost of this Burgh,*

Who died; the 25th of January, 1762 ;

*Aged 53 years.*

Endued with an understanding solid and acute,  
Yet he was distinguished,  
By an unassuming modesty, honest and benevolent,



Sedate and good humoured, gentle and obliging,  
 An agréeable and useful member of society ;  
 A warm and steady friend ;  
 A husband and father affectionate and tender.

In health he maintained a conduct  
 Regular and virtuous ;

In sickness a behaviour patient and resigned ;  
 And in his last moments a fortitude decent and manly.

---

IN MEMORY OF

SERJEANT WRIGHT,

*Of the Royal Westmoreland Militia,*

Who departed this life, 30th of March, 1807 ;

*Aged 37 years.*

The regiment, to evince their esteem for him while living, and to perpetuate him now dead, have erected this stone to his memory, conceiving it the only way of proving how much they deplore and lament the loss of an honest, faithful and worthy comrade.

Whilst sad remembrance paints the scene of woe,  
 Our tortur'd breasts their anguish will reveal ;  
 In spite of consolation, tears will flow,  
 And silent tell the poignant grief we feel.

IN MEMORY OF

MRS. MITCHELL,

*Spouse to Mr. John Mitchell, Collector of Excise,*

DUMFRIES ;

Who died, the 7th November, 1792 ; aged 50 years.

Death wounds to cure, we fall, we rise, we reign,—  
Spring from our fetters fasten in the skies ;  
Where blooming *Eden* withers in our sight,  
This King of Terrors is the Prince of Peace.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE

REV. DR. WILLIAM BURNSIDE,

*Admitted Minister of the new Church of Dumfries,*

June 22, 1780 ;

*Translated to St. Michael's, June 19, 1794 ;*

He died, January 6, 1806 ; aged 55 years.

His fidelity in the charge of every domestic duty,  
And the kindness of his heart  
Endeared him to his family.

His extensive knowledge and learning ;  
 The vivacity of his imagination,  
 And the benevolence and liberality of his mind,  
 Rendered his conversation delightful  
 In the circle of his friends.

The eloquence and usefulness of his pastoral  
 Instructions ; his rational piety,  
 Affability of manners and integrity of life,  
 Commanded the esteem, and won the affections  
 Of his flock ;  
 Thus endowed, and thus beloved in death,  
 His death was generally and deeply regretted.



HERE LIETH THE BODY OF

JOHN PATTERSON,

*Son to John Patterson, Merchant in Dumfries,*

Who died the 10th of November, 1711 ;

*Aged 16 years and 8 months.*

When parents, friends and neighbours hop'd to see,  
 These early buds of learning, pietie ;  
 And temper good, produce some fruit,  
 Behold death plucks the plant up by the root.

HERE LIES

WILLIAM GRIERSON,

Pentland, Martyr,

*For his adhering to the word of God, and appearing for Christ's kinglie government in his house, and the covenanted work of Reformation against perjury and prelacy. Executed, January 2, 1667. Rev. 12. 11.*

Under this stone, lo ! here doth lye,  
 Dust sacrific'd to tyranny ;  
 Yet precious in Immanuall's sight,  
 Since martyr'd for his kinglie right ;  
 When he condemns these hellish drudges,  
 By suffering saints shall judge their judges.



IN MEMORY OF

ROBERT ANDERSON,

*Painter and Glazier in Dumfries,*

Who died, the 24th of May, 1792 ;

*Aged 80 years.*

They may write epitaphs who can,  
 I say here lies an honest man !

HERE LIES

JAMES KIRK,

*A Martyr shot dead upon the sands of Dumfries,  
for his adhearing to the word of God, Christ's kinglie  
government in his house, and the covenanted work of  
Reformation against tirranie, perjurie and prelatie,  
1685. Rev. 12. 11.*

By bloody *Bruce* and wretched *Wright*,  
I lost my life in great desight ;  
Shot dead without due time to cry  
And fit me for eternity ;  
A witness of prelatick rage,  
As ever was in anie age.

---

SARAH, THE WIFE OF ROBERT CUTLAR,

*Merchant,*

Died, 6th December, 1759 ; aged 44.

Pious and devout, friendly and affectionate,  
Open and sincere ;  
She pass'd through life, under a heavy pressure  
Of long affliction,  
Cheerfully sustained in the supporting prospect  
Of a better state.

*Underneath this humble stone lies all that could die of*

**WILLIAM MUNDO,**

**MERCHANT IN DUMFRIES ;**

*And of his Wife Mary Blacklock,*

Who, after having raised for themselves, in the  
Admiration and affectionate regard

Of the wise and good,

A monument more precious than could be erected

By human art, were called to Heaven ;

*She on 25th Sept. 1764 ; and he on 4th April, 1768.*



*On a monument on the Church wall.*

**HERE LIES THE BODY OF THE**

**REV. MR. PATRICK LINN,**

*Ordained Minister of Dumfries, May 12, 1715.*

Who was adorned with bright natural parts,

Solid learning and unaffected piety ;

He with unwearied diligence and unusual success,

Studied the knowledge of the several parts of

Divine Revelation,

E R

Especially the perfection of God,  
 The depravity of human nature,  
 Man's recovery and salvation by Christ ;  
 And all the parts of practical religion,  
 All which he delivered in public with uncommon  
 Eloquence, undaunted courage,  
 And impartial freedom, to the edification of many :  
 He was faithful in every relation of a truly  
 Christian spirit,  
 Hating dissimulation and craft in every shape :  
 Candid, just, benevolent, bountiful, &c.

*He died, August 1, 1731,*

*In the 44th year of his age.*

TO THE MEMORY OF

JOHN AIKIN,

*Writer in Dumfries,*

Of his truly valued and beloved wife Jean Macdowall,

*And of their Infant daughter Jean Macdowall Aikin.*

This marriage formed from a congeniality  
 Of sentiment and soul,  
 From a long and steady attachment,  
 From friendship and from love,

Was dissolved on the 21st of February, 1794 ;  
By the death of a fond and tender mother,  
*Aged 34 years.*

And indissolubly re-united on the 16th July, 1806 ;  
By the death of a revered father,  
*Aged 52 years.*

Her virtues and accomplishments,  
His talents and liberality seldom equalled,  
Were in them united ;  
An object of respect and esteem to all.



SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

ALEXANDER HERRIES MAXWELL,

*Of Munches, Esq.*

Who died on the 28th of June, 1815 ;

*In the 71st year of his age.*

Benevolent, frank, social and warm hearted,  
He was a steady and sincere friend ;  
And always ready to advance the interests of those  
Who had any claim to his good offices.  
After a residence of thirty-six years in London,  
He relinquished the medical profession,



In which he had been indefatigable ;  
 And retiring to the vicinity of his native town,  
 He devoted the remainder of his days to the exercise  
 Of His accustomed hospitality, the pursuit  
 Of agriculture,  
 And the promotion of every place,  
 For the improvement of the country :  
 Thus his life was extensively useful and his death  
 Most deeply lamented.

---

*On a monument on the west end of the Church.*

IN MEMORY OF THE

REV. MR. JOHN SCOTT,

*He was born, A. D. 1697 ;*

Advanced to the Ministry of the Gospel,

*At Holy-wood, February 4, 1725 ;*

Translated to the new Church of Dumfries,

*November 30, 1732 ;*

And died, April 17, 1770 ;

Universally esteemed and regretted.

The virtues of his character in private and public life,  
 Will be long remembered (and most justly) with  
 Veneration by his family,  
 Congregation and acquaintance.

He was an affectionate husband and parent,  
 A warm and steady friend,  
 A learned and able Divine,  
 A faithful reprover of vice ; and a  
 Bright pattern of the duties he taught.

He was a sensible and cheerful companion,  
 Possessed of extensive knowledge ;  
 Remarkable for his accuracy in the discipline  
 And government of this Church :  
 And most zealous for the public weal.

*II. Tim. Chap. 4, v. 7, and 8.*



*On a marble monument on the Church wall.*

TO THE MEMORY OF .

PHILADELPHIA DOUGLAS,

*Daughter of James Douglas, of Dornock,*

And Wife of Robert MacMurdo, of Drungen ;

Who, having lived in this frail world 31 years, adorned  
 With innocence, and the most amiable virtues,

Was called to immortality by the great rewarder of  
the good, upon the 6th day of February, 1754.

—————“ Nor herb, fruit, flow'r  
Glistening with dew, nor fragrance after showers ;  
Nor grateful evening mild, nor walk by moon,  
Or glittering star light, without thee is sweet.”

---

TO THE MEMORY OF

ROBERT IRVING, Esq.

*Youngest son of the late John Irving, Esq.*

Of Boushaw ;

*Late Lieutenant-Colonel of the 70th Regiment.*

A brave and deserving Officer,  
And very humane man ;  
Who lost his life in the *West Indies*,  
In the service of his country, October 5, 1794 ;  
*Aged 50 years.*

*And of William Irving, his son,*  
A promising youth here interred ;  
Who died prematurely, January 25, 1799 ;  
In the 10th year of his age.

*A pillar or column is erected near the Market-Place  
of Dumfries ; which contains the following  
Inscription :—*

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF  
CHARLES, DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY,  
AND DOVER,

*Erected by the County of Dumfries,*

As a monument of their veneration for the character  
Of that illustrious nobleman ;  
Whose exalted virtues rendered him the ornament  
Of society, and whose numerous acts  
Of public beneficence and private charity,  
Endeared him to his country.

*Ob. 22d Oct. 1778 ; Aetat 80.*

---

**Bornock Church-yard, Dumfries-shire.**

---

ON JOHN GRAHAM,  
Of Rose-trees ;  
JANET IRVING, HIS SPOUSE,  
*Christopher Graham, their son, and his Wife.*

Praises on tombs are trifles vainly spent,  
 Let each good name be its own monument ;  
 What's here said, ye living it doth respect,  
 That thou, O man ! may'st seriously reflect  
 On this memento, which in mind still have,  
 That each moment on the former shuts the grave :  
 Thy warrant is gone out, tho' dormant yet,  
 Perhaps behind one moment lurks thy fate ;  
 Which opes the scene to eternal future things,  
 Which closes all, and final sentence brings.

---

Known to few, esteemed by many,  
 Who lived between fame and obscurity,  
 Neither abounding nor diffident in learning,  
 Devoted to his school ;  
 But as a Christian, having finished his life  
 And labour together, here desires to rest undisturbed,

JOHN DRYDEN,

*Who died, 26th March, 1810 ; aged 71 years.*

---

ON MARGARET HOLLIDAY,

*Spouse to David Stewart, Shoe-maker, in Cleugh-side,*

Who died, April 11, 1863 ; aged 63 years.

For twenty years and eight I liv'd a maiden's life,  
 And five and thirty years I was a married wife ;

And in that space of time eight children, I did bear,  
Four sons, four daughters, who were lov'd most dear ;  
Three of that number, as the Scriptures run,  
Preach up the way to Heaven, and Hell to shun.



**Gretna church-yard.**



IN MEMORY OF THE

REV. MR. JAMES GATT,

*Late Minister of the Gospel here,*

Who died, October 31, 1787 ;

*In the 88th year of his age.*

He was 60 years Minister of this parish,  
During which long period  
He discharged the office of Pastor,  
With the most unwearied diligence and fidelity,  
Exemplifying in his walk and conversation,  
The power of that religion which he inculcated.

F F

By the simplicity of his manners,  
 And the affability of his conduct,  
 He was highly esteemed by his flock ;  
 And deservedly held in the greatest veneration .  
 By all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

*In memoria perpetua est justus,  
 Utinam post hujus vitæ exitum felicitatem,  
 Consequar cœli repositam.*



IN MEMORY OF

JEAN Mc'KAY

*Spouse to George Forsyth,*

*In Calverly's-holme,*

Who died, the 2d February, 1796 ;

*Aged 30 years.*

Let no man boast of beauty bright,  
 She that lies here was my delight ;  
 Till cruel death did on her call,  
 And left me to lament her fall.

**Annan old church-yard.**

---

**HERE LIES**

**MRS. BARBARA STEWART,**

*Spouse to John Room, in Stewart-town in the parish  
of Kirkcunier, and Shire of Galloway,*

**Who departed this life at Tordoch, the 16th day of  
March, 1730 ; aged 41 years :**

*Leaving behind her six children.*

**Beneath this stone in silent slumbers sleeps  
Her sacred dust, whose soul sweet Jesus keeps ;  
Which wing'd its way thro' ether's regions high,  
To be united with saints above the sky ;  
In piety with virtue bright she shone,  
A tender mother, wife and friend in one ;  
Lamented death, those children dear did cost,  
Husband grief for what they had, and lost.**



IN MEMORY OF  
JOHN IRWIN,

*Of Gulielands,*

Who was Justice of Peace, and Bailie of the Burgh of  
ANNAN.

*He died, the 19th of July, 1722 ; aged 60 years.*

He thought it honor with all his might,  
To preserve the ancient Burgh's right ;  
No man with bribes could for his blood,  
    empt him to hurt the common good ;  
Let every one that him succeeds,  
Think on his faithful words and deeds.

---

In the Abbey church of Paisley,  
Renfrew-shire.

---

*Heir lyes a faithfull sister,*  
MARION MONTGOMERIE,  
*Spous to Vmgll Peblis, of Brymylands,*  
PROVIST OF IRVINE ;

*And mother-in-law to Thomas Inglis, of Corsflet,*

Baillie of Paisley ;

Quha decissit, 28th Jany. 1720 yeiris.



*Here lyes ane honorabill man,*

CAPTANE ROBERT CRAUFURD,

*Granter of Paslay,*

I ye sepulture of Jamis Craufurd,

*Sedil qlk decessid, ye fourt of June, ye zier 1575.*

ON HIS COAT OF ARMS.

“ Quha nevir rasevit honoric of na man, and hes maid  
so mony sundry,”



*Heir lyes ane honorabill man,*

JAMES STEVART,

*Of Cardonald,*

Sum tyme Capitane of the Gard of Scotland in France,

*Quha decessit, ye XV day of Januar, ano dm 1584.*

On the centre of his Coat of Arms.

" O Lord, I comend my saul into yi hands, qlk you  
hes redemit byt pi precious blud."



*On a stone in old English characters much defaced  
by time :—*

HERE LIES

JAMES CRAUFURD,

*Of Kilbirnie,*

Who died, in the year of our Lord 1499.

*" Pray ye for his soul."*



*Heir lyes a right worthie gentel man,*

ALLAN LOCHART,

*Of Hindschield,*

Leat Balie of Paslay;

Quda decessit, the 10th of Apryl, Ano 1635; Elnr 42.

" I have fought a good fight and finished my course,  
I have kept the faith," 2d Tim. 4. 7.

**In the Abbey church-yard of Paisley.**

---

*Heir lyis ane honest man, callit*

**THOMAS PITER,**

*Bailzie of Paslay,*

**Qvha deceissit, ye 10th of Nov. Anno 1609 ;**

*And Janet Vrie, his spous, and John Piter, thair sone,*

*and Margaret Craig, his spous ;*

**Qvha decessit, ye 30th of Octob. Anno 1617.**

## Christ's church, Dublin.

---

*On the south side of the Communion table, is a monument of black and white marble, for the late Bishop of Kildare, with his arms underneath this Inscription.*

In a Vault near this Place lie the remains of

THOMAS FLETCHER, D. D.

*For near 16 years Bishop of Kildare, and Dean of  
this Church ;*

He departed this life, on March 8, 1761 ;

*In hope and expectation of a joyful resurrection.*

Reader !

If thou knewest him, thou needest not be told,  
If he was not known to thee,  
Thou wilt not easily conceive,  
With what exemplary goodness and unfeigned piety,  
With what earnest but rational  
And well conducted zeal for the true religion ;

With what unwearied patience and resignation,  
 With what engaging cheerfulness,  
 Under a long severe and painful illness ;  
 With what solidity of judgement and integrity of heart,  
 He filled up the character of a Christian Bishop.

---

## ON DEMAR,

*An Usurer in Dublin.*

Beneath this verdant hillock lies  
*Demar*, the wealthy, and the wise :  
 His heirs, that he might safely rest,  
 Have put his carcase in a chest ;  
 The very chest in which, they say,  
 His other half, his money lay ;  
 And if his heirs continue kind  
 To that dear self he left behind,  
 I dare believe that four in five  
 Will think his better half alive.

DEAN SWIFT.

---

Here lyeth *Menalcas*, as dead as a logge,  
 Who lived like a devill, and died like a dogge ;  
 Here doth he lye said I ? then saye I lye,  
 For from this place he parted by-and-bye.  
 But here he made his descent into hell,  
 Without either booke, candle, or bell.

• G •

**St. Mary's Cathedral, Limerick.**

---

*On the Pillar near the western door.*

MEMENTO MORI.

Here lieth little *Samuel Barrington*, that great undertaker,  
Of famous cities, clock and chime maker ;  
He made his own time to go early and later,  
But now he's return'd to God, his Creator ;  
The 19th November then he ceas'd,  
And for his memory, this is here plac'd.

BY HIS SON BEN, 1693.

---

**In Dundalk church-yard.**

---

ON ROBERT MOORE.

Here lies the body of *Robert Moore*,  
What signifies more words ?  
Who kill'd himself by eating of cur :  
But if he had been rul'd by *Sarah* his wife,  
He might have liv'd all the days of his life.

# **Armagh church-yard,** ---

*The following Inscription is placed under a dial  
erected over the grave of*

**EDWARD BOND, Esq.**

*Who ordered one hundred pounds to be given to the  
Poor, instead of a pompous funeral, 1744.*

No marble pomp, no monumental praise ;  
My tomb this dial, my epitaph these lays.  
Pride and low mould'ring clay but ill agree ;  
Death levels me to beggars : kings to me.  
Alive, instruction was my work each day ;  
Dead, I persist instruction to convey.  
Here, Reader ! mark (perhaps now in thy prime)  
The stealing steps of never-standing time :  
Thou'lt be what I am ; catch the present hour ;  
Employ that well, for that's within thy power.



## MISCELLANIOUS.

---

To the memory of MR. BURGH, Author of "*The Dignity of Human Nature*;" who died, August 15, 1775.

Beneath this stone concealed from mortal eyes,  
 "The Dignity of Human Nature" lies !  
 What is this dignity the sophists scan ?  
 The noblest work of God, an honest man !

CAPT. THOMPSON.

---

Stop, wandering traveller ! view this silent urn,  
 With no gay splendours nor with laurels crown'd ;  
 Frail man is dust, to dust he must return,  
 For kings and beggars equal in the ground ;  
 But yet with sighs let pity vent a tear,  
 And view the havock tyrant death has made ;  
 Here gnawing worms the clay built carcase tear,  
 And waste *Goliaths* to an empty shade.

---

### A PRIOR ON HIMSELF.

To me 'tis given to die, to thee 'tis given	}
To live ; alas ! one moment sets us even ;	
Mark how impartial is the will of Heav'n.	

To the memory of JOHN COUTTS, Esq. who died in *Italy*; and who had sustained with singular worth and ability the *Provostship of Edinburgh*, when it was an honor to bear that office.

Light lie the earth on gentle *Coutts'* breast,  
 O *Italy* ! and let the stranger rest ;  
 Who ne'er was by partial thought confin'd,  
 But liv'd the friend and host of human kind :  
 The people wept, the public bosom sigh'd,  
 And ruthless faction melted when he died.  
 He was a man who ne'er sought himself ;  
 The citizen who ne'er regarded self.  
 In humble commerce of a mind as clear,  
 A heart as noble as the proudest *Peer*.  
 Fain would the muse ! his grave with roses strow,  
 But, ah ! her roses scarce begin to blow ;  
 Yet let me warn the men of coarser clay,  
 Whose dull sensation gains a longer day ;  
 That with no glancing word they wound his fame,  
 Nor meanly comment on the good man's name ;  
 Who in the pleasing hour of social joy,  
 With fatal fondness counted life a toy ;  
 A fault so dear, let human nature mourn,  
 And pity weep for ever o'er his urn.

---

#### ON A MISER.

Iron was his chest,  
 Iron was his door ;  
 His hand was iron,  
 And his heart was more.

P. DODD.

## ON A LADY.

Beneath this turf in sweet repose,  
 The friend of all—the fair one lies ;—  
 Yet hence let sorrow vent her woes,  
 Far hence let pity pour her sighs.

Tho' every hour thy life approv'd,  
 The muse ! the strain of grief forbears ;  
 Nor wishes tho' by all belov'd,  
 To call thee to a world of tears.

Best of thy sex, alas, farewell !  
 From this dark scene remov'd to shine ;  
 Where purest shades of mortals dwell,  
 And virtue waits to welcome thine.

P. PINDAR.



On DR. WILLIAM CLARKE, the celebrated *Anti-*  
*quary*, and MRS. ANN CLARKE, his wife.

Mild *William Clarke*, and *Ann* his wife,  
 Whom happy love had join'd in life;  
 United in an humble tomb,  
 Await the everlasting doom.  
 And bless the dead prepar'd as these,  
 To meet our Saviour's just decrees ;  
 On earth thine hearts were known to feel,  
 Such charity and Christian zeal;  
 That should the world for ages last,  
 In adverse fortune's bitter blast ;  
 Few friends so warm will man find here,  
 And God no servants more sincere.

W. HAYLEY.

**On the death of a promising Youth of eighteen.**

Tho' death the virtuous young destroy,  
 They go to rest and Heav'nly joy ;  
 Life is not to be judg'd by days,  
 Virtue endures—when time decays ;  
 And many old we falsely call,  
 Who truly ne'er liv'd at all.  
 For what is time, if not employ'd  
 In worthy deeds—but all a void ?  
 Then think not tho' abridg'd by fate,  
 Too short this youth's allotted date.  
 With dignity he filled his span,  
 In conduct and in worth a man ;  
 So spent a life—to Heaven appears,  
 As full as *Nestor's* length of years.

---

**On the death of a CHILD, of an Honorable young couple ; written by the father.**

come, patience ! come, to dry a parents tears ;  
 come, bright ey'd hope ! to cheer her future years :  
 each her to bless the kind, tho' chastening rod,  
 hat made her mortal child, the child of God ;  
 each her to praise that God with grateful mind,  
 or babes that yet may come, for one left still behind.

H. E.

---

His last debt is paid—poor *Tom's* no more,  
 Last debt !—*Tom* never paid a debt before.

On a pious SAILOR, who with ten of his Ship-  
mates fell a victim to the *yellow Fever*, in the island  
of *Antigua*.

An honest course beneath this sod,  
Lies mouldering in the earth;  
The spirit is return'd to God,  
That gave the body birth;  
A pattern of the angel mind,  
In all he seem'd to be;  
That came to navigate mankind  
To wide eternity.

---

On a whole FAMILY cut off by the *Small Pox*.

At once depriv'd of life lies here,  
A family to virtue dear,  
Tho' far remov'd from regal state,  
Their virtues made them truly great;  
Lest one should feel the others fall,  
Death has in kindness seiz'd them all.

P. RAISER.

---

On a SERVANT, who lived twenty years in one family.

Remember man, where'er thou art,  
Not he who acts the *gracious* part,  
But they who act the *best*, will be  
The happiest men eternally.

To the memory of MARGARET SCOTT, who died  
at *Dalkeith, Edinburghshire* ; in the year 1738.

Stop, passenger, until my life you read ;  
The living may get knowledge by the dead.  
Five times five years I liv'd a virgin's life ;  
Ten times five years I was a virtuous wife ;  
Ten times five years I liv'd a widow chaste ;  
Now wearied of this mortal life I rest.  
Between my cradle and my grave have been  
Eight mighty Kings of Scotland and a Queen ;  
Four times five years the commonwealth I saw,  
Ten times the subjects rose against the law ;  
Twice did I see old prelacy pull'd down,  
And twice the cloak was humbled by the gown.  
An end of *Stuart's* race I saw ; nay more,  
My native country sold for English ore :  
Such desolation in my life have been,  
I have an end of all perfection seen.

This epitaph either contains some notorious falsehood, or the woman was older than is here represented. We are informed she was five times five years a virgin, fifty years a wife, and as many a widow ; by which her age appears to have been 125. If she was born in 1613, and died in 1738, which is the whole time allotted in the epitaph, she could only live in the reigns of James VI.—Charles I.—Charles II.—James II.—William III.—George I.—George II. and Queen Anne ; which only make seven Kings and a Queen. But perhaps the epitaph maker, whom we imagine to have been a pedantic schoolmaster, was either a republican, who might place Oliver Cromwell in the list ; or he might be a Jacobite, who reckoned the Pretender one.

The epitaph likewise asserts that the commonwealth of England lasted 20 years, that is, from 1640 to 1660. That looks altogether like the blunder of a country pedagogue. The epitaph maker did not consider that no less than five governments took place during that period in Britain, viz. monarchical or limited, as at present; parliamentary; a council of state, consisting of a junto of the parliament; a commonwealth; and an absolute despotic one, under Cromwell.

---

Intended for MR. ROBERT FERGUSSON, the *Scottish Poet*.

No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay !  
 No storied urn, nor animated bust !  
 This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way,  
 To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.

R. BURNS.

---

In *St. Germain's Cathedral, Isle of Man*.—SAMUEL RUTTER, *Bishop of Sodor and Man*, was buried under the uncovered steeple of his own Cathedral, with a Latin inscription on a brass plate, which in English is thus :—

In this house, which I have borrowed of my brethren the worms, do I lye, *Samuel*, by divine permission, Bishop of this Island, in hopes of the resurrection to life. Reader, stop, view the Lord Bishop's palace and smile. He died may 30th, 1662,

*In East Hampstead, Berks ; on MR. ELIJAH FENTON.*

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,  
May truly say, " Here lies an honest man ;"  
A poet, bless'd beyond a poet's fate,  
Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the proud and great :  
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,  
Content with science in the vale of peace.  
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here  
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear ;  
From nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfied,  
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he died.

POPE, 1730.

---

#### ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

Underneath this marble hearse  
Lies the subject of all verse,—  
*Sydney's* sister, *Pembroke's* mother ;  
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another  
Learn'd, and fair, and good as she,  
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

BEN JONSON.

---

On SIR JOHN VANBURGH, the *Poet* and *Architect*.

*Lie light upon him earth ! tho' he*  
*Laid many a heavy load on thee.*

DR. EVANS.



On SIR ISAAC NEWTON, born December 25th, 1642 ; died 20th March, 1726.

Approach, ye wise of soul with awe divine,  
 'Tis *Newton's* name that consecrates his shrine !  
 That sun of knowledge whose meridian ray,  
 Kindled the gloom of nature into day !  
 That soul of science, that unbounded mind !  
 That genius which ennobled human kind !  
 'Confess'd supreme of men, his country's pride ;  
 And half esteem'd an angel — till he died ;  
 Who in the eye of Heav'n like *Enoch* stood,  
 And thro' the paths of knowledge walk'd with God ;  
 Whose fame extends a sea without a shore ?  
 Who but forsook one world to know the laws of more.

---

The following couplet was intended for his monument.

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night :  
*God* said, *Let Newton be*, and all was light.

POPE.

---

In *St. George's, Hanover-Square*, on the REV. LAWRENCE STERNE, A. M. died September 18, 1768 ; aged 53.

Shall Pride a heap of sculptur'd marble raise,  
 Some worthless unmourn'd titled fool to praise ;  
 And shall we not by one poor grave-stone learn,  
 Where genius, wit, and humour, sleep with *Sterne* ?

GARRICK.

At *Stanton Harcourt, Oxon* ; on the HON. SIMON HARCOURT, only son of the *Lord Chancellor Harcourt*, who died 1720.

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art ! draw near,  
 Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear ;  
 Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,  
 Or gave his father grief but when he died.  
 How vain is reason, eloquence how weak,  
 If *Pope* must tell what *Harcourt* cannot speak ;  
 Oh let thy once-lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,  
 And with a father's sorrows mix his own.

POPE.

---

ON MR. AIKMAN AND HIS SON.

Dear to the wise and good, disprais'd by none,  
 Here sleep in peace the father and the son.  
 By virtue as by nature close allied,  
 The *painter's genius*, but without the *pride*.  
 Worth unambitious, wit afraid to shine,  
 Honour's clear light, and friendship's warmth divine :  
 The son fair rising knew too short a date ;  
 But, oh ! how more severe a parent's fate !  
 He saw him torn untimely from his side,  
 Felt all a father's anguish, wept, and died.

MALLET.

---

Here lies my poor wife, without bed or blanket,  
 But dead as a door-nail, God be thanked !

In *Brodsworth, Yorkshire* ; on the HON. MISS  
DRUMMOND.

Here sleeps what once was beauty, once was grace ;  
Grace, with that tenderness and sense combin'd  
To form that harmony of soul and face,  
Where beauty shines, the mirror of the mind.  
Such was the maid, that in the morn of youth,  
In virgin innocence, in nature's pride ;  
Blest with each art that owes its charm to truth,  
Sunk in her father's fond embrace and died.  
He weeps : O venerate the holy tear !  
Faith lends her aid to ease Affliction's load ;  
The parent mourns the child upon the bier,  
The Christian yields an angel to his God.

MASON.

In *Bristol Cathedral*, on MARY, the Wife of the  
REV. W. MASON, who died March 27, 1767 ; aged  
28 years.

Take, holy earth, all that my soul holds dear,  
Take that best gift, which Heav'n so lately gave ;  
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care  
Her faded form ; she bow'd to taste the wave,  
And died : does youth, does beauty read the line ?  
Does sympathetic fear their breast alarm ?  
Speak, dead *Maria*, breathe a strain divine ;  
E'en from the grave thou shalt have pow'r to charm.  
Bid them be chaste, be innocent like thee ;  
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move ;  
And if so fair, from vanity as free,  
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love ;

Tell, tho' 'tis an awful thing to die,  
 ('Twas e'en to thee) yet the dread path once trod,  
 Heav'n lifts its everlasting portals high,  
 And bids the pure in heart behold their God.

MASON.

---

In *Beckenham, Kent* ; on MRS. MARY CLARKE,  
 Wife of DR. CLARKE, Physician at Epsom, Surrey ;  
 who died 27th April, 1757.

Lo ! where this silent marble weeps,  
 A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps ;  
 A heart, within whose sacred cell  
 The peaceful virtues lov'd to dwell ;  
 Affection warm, and faith sincere,  
 And soft humanity were there ;  
 In agony, in death resign'd,  
 She felt the wound she left behind ;  
 Her infant image here below  
 Sits smiling on a father's woe ;  
 Whom what awaits, while yet he strays  
 Along the lonely vale of days,  
 A pang, to secret sorrow dear,  
 A sigh, an unavailing tear ;  
 Till time shall ev'ry grief remove,  
 With life, with mem'ry, and with love.

GRAY.

---

Here lies the bodies of three children dear,  
 Two buried in the *Isle of Wight*—the other here.

## ON LADY LUCY LYTTLETON.

Made to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes ;  
 Tho' meek, magnanimous ; tho' witty, wise :  
 Polite, as all her life in courts had been ;  
 Yet good as she the world had never seen.  
 The noble fire of an exalted mind,  
 With gentlest female tenderness combin'd :  
 Her speech was the melodious voice of love,  
 Her song, the warbling of the vernal grove :  
 Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,  
 Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong ;  
 Her form each beauty of her mind exprest ;  
 Her mind was virtue by the graces drest.

LORD LYTTLETON.

---

On MARIA, from the *Carlisle Journal*, February,  
 1820.

A prey to grief and pain no more,  
*Maria* sleeps beneath this tomb ;  
 Whose virtue could no higher soar,  
 Whose beauty could no sweeter bloom.  
 Heav'n view'd with care its darling pride,  
 Too spotless for a world like this ;  
 Left her awhile to sweeten here,  
 Then snatch'd her for the realm of bliss.  
 At morn in pride of youth she shone,  
 So shines the dew drop on the rose ;  
 At eve she wither'd pale and wan,  
 So sinks the dew drop to repose.

## ON DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

The body of  
*Benjamin Franklin*, printer,  
 Like the cover of an old book,  
 Its contents worn out,  
 Stript of its lettering and gilding,  
 Lies here—food for worms :  
 Yet, the work shall not be lost,  
 For it shall (as he believed) appear once more,  
 In a new and beautiful edition,  
 Corrected and revised  
 By the Author.

BY HIMSELF.

~~\*\*\*\*\*~~In *Litchfield Cathedral*, on MR. and MISS SEWARD.

Amid these aisles where once his precepts flow'd,  
 The Heav'nly path-way which in life he trod ;  
 This simple tablet marks a father's pier,  
 And those he lov'd in life are near.  
 For him, for them a daughter bade it rise,  
 Memorial of domestic charities ;  
 Still would you know, why o'er the marble spread,  
 In female grace the willow droops her head,  
 Why on her branches silent and unstrung,  
 The *Minstrel harp* is emblematic hung ;  
 What *Poet's* voice is smother'd here in dust,  
 Till wak'd to join the chorus of the just !  
 Lo ! one brief line, an answer sad supplies,  
 Honour'd, belov'd and mourn'd here *Seward* lies ;  
 Her worth, her warmth of heart, our sorrows say,  
 Go seek her genius in her living lay.

I I.

## BOLTON, YORKSHIRE.

Blush not, marble,  
To rescue from oblivion  
The memory of

## HENRY JENKINS ;

A person obscure by birth,  
But of a life truly memorable :  
For

He was enriched with the goods of nature,

If not of fortune :

And happy in the duration,  
Of a variety of enjoyments ;

And

Tho' the partial world  
Despised and disregarded his

Low and humble state,

The equal eye of Providence

Beheld and blessed it

With a patriarch's health and length of days ;

To teach mistaken man,

" These blessings are entail'd on temperance,"

" A life of labour, and a mind at ease."

He lived to the amazing age of

One hundred and sixty-nine,

Was interred December 6th, 1670,

And had this justice done to his memory, 1742.

As *Jenkins* was born before parish registers were kept in churches, his age could only be known from circumstances. When a witness on a trial at York, being asked by one of the Judges, what particular battle or other event happened within his memory—he answered, that when the battle of *Flodden* was fought, he was turned of twelve years of age, and

saw the *Earl of Surrey* march northward at the head of his army. That the *Earl* rested with the army one day at Northallerton, and an order was sent from him to all the neighbouring parishes to furnish each a certain number of bows and arrows; and that being in harvest, the arrows were sent on horseback, attended by some of the boys, all the men being employed in reaping. That he was sent to take care of the horses belonging to Bolton, and saw the arrows delivered at Northallerton; after which he brought home the horses, and in a few days heard that the Scots were defeated and their King slain. Being asked how he had lived, he said by thatching, and salmon fishing; that when he was served with a subpoena, he was thatching a house; and would dub a hook with any man in Yorkshire. That he had been Butler to *Lord Conyners*, of Hornby Castle, and that *Marmaduke Brodelay*, Lord Abbot of *Fountains*, did frequently visit his Lordship and drink a hearty glass with him. That his Lord often sent him to inquire how the *Abbot* did, who always sent for him to his apartment; and after ceremonies (as he called) passed, ordered him, besides wassel, a quarter of a yard of roast beef for his dinner, (for that monastery did deliver their guests' meat by measure), and a great black jack of strong drink. Being further asked, if he remembered the dissolution of religious houses, he said very well, and that he was between thirty and forty years of age, when the order came to dissolve those in Yorkshire. That great lamentation was made, and the country was all in a tumult when the monks were turned out. *Jenkins* could neither read nor write; he retained his sight and hearing to the last.

Nothing can more clearly prove the age of this



man than the above account ; for *James IV.* entered England on the 24th of August, 1513, and the *Earl of Surrey* began his march from York on the first of September. He reviewed his army at Boroughbridge, and halted next day at Northallerton, from whence he marched north, and the battle was fought on the 9th of September, 1513 ; so that if *Jenkins* was turned of twelve at that time, he must have been born about 1500, and dying in 1570, he was at least one hundred and sixty-nine years of age.

What a multitude of events, says an ingenious author, have crowded themselves into the period of this man's life. He was born when the Roman Catholic religion was established by law. He saw the supremacy of the Pope overturned ; the dissolution of monasteries ; Popery established again, and at last the Protestant Religion securely fixed on a rock of adamant. In his time the invincible armada was destroyed ; the Republic of Holland formed. Three Queens beheaded, *Anne Boylen*, *Catherine Howard*, and *Mary Queen of Scots* ; a King of Spain seated upon the throne of England ; a King of Scotland crowned King of England, at Westminster, and his son beheaded before his own Palace, his family being proscribed as traitors ; and last of all the great fire in London, which happened in 1666, at the latter end of his wonderful life.

---

#### ON MISS STANLEY.

Here *Stanley* rests, escap'd this mortal strife,  
Above the joys, beyond the woes of life.

Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauties stain;  
 And sternly try thee with a year of pain :  
 No more sweet patience, feigning oft relief,  
 Lights thy sick eye to cheat a parent's grief ;  
 With tender art, to save her anxious groan,  
 No more thy bosom presses down its own :  
 Now, well-earn'd peace is thine and bliss sincere,  
 Ours be the lenient, not displeasing tear.  
 O born to bloom ! then sink beneath the storm,  
 To shew us Virtue in her fairest form ;  
 To shew us artless Reason's moral reign,  
 What boastful Science arrogates in vain ;  
 The obedient passions knowing each their part,  
 Calm light the head, and harmony the heart.  
 Yes, we must follow soon ; we'll glad obey,  
 When a few suns have roll'd their cares away :  
 Tir'd with vain life, we'll close the willing eye ;  
 'Tis the great birth-right of mankind to die.  
 Bless'd be the bark that wafts us to the shore,  
 Where death-divided friendship parts no more,  
 To join thee there, here with thy dust repose,  
 Is all the hope thy hapless mother knows.

THOMSON.

On a beautiful young LADY, who died December,  
 1818 ; aged 18 years.

Alas ! 'tis vain that storied marbles tell,  
 The life—the loss—of those we lov'd so well ;  
 Yet memory hovers o'er a hallow'd name,  
 And fondly sues for monumental fame.  
 If early beauty bursting into bloom,  
 Snatch'd to the sad, safe, refuge of the tomb ;

May claim the tender tribute of a tear—  
 Shed the soft sorrow—for there lies one *here*,  
 Than whom no brighter e'er beam'd below,  
 Since Heav'n bade woman's graces chastely glow  
 But tho' our nature's weakness wrongly weeps,  
 We mourn not hopeless when a Christian sleeps.  
 As from the grave the Lord of Glory rose,  
 In holy triumph o'er his hateful foes ;  
 So shall the "Dead in Christ" whom purpos'd love,  
 Hath called and chang'd for blessedness above,  
 In purer forms and with unclouded eyes,  
 Behold the blood-bought splendours of the skies ;  
 And fill'd with joy their loud *Hosannahs* pour,  
 To "Him who died, and lives for ever more."

MULOCK.

In the *Abbey Church, Bath* ; on MR. JAMES QUIN,  
 the celebrated *Actor*.

That *tongue*, which set the table on a roar,  
 And charm'd the public ear, is heard no more !  
 Clos'd are those *eyes*, the harbingers of wit,  
 Which spoke, before the tongue, what *Shakspeare*  
                   writ ;  
 Clos'd are those *hands*, which living were stretch'd  
                   forth,  
 At friendship's call, to succour modest worth.  
 Here lies *James Quin* ! deign, reader, to be taught,  
 (Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought),  
 In nature's happiest mould however cast,  
 To this complexion thou must come at last.

GARRICK.

## ON CAPTAIN GRENVILLE.

Ye weeping Muses, graces, virtues, tell,  
 If since your all accomplish'd *Sydney* fell;  
 You, or afflicted Britain e'er deplor'd  
 A loss like that, these plaintive lays record!  
 Such spotless honor, such ingenuous truth,  
 Such ripen'd wisdom in the bloom of youth;  
 So mild, so gentle, so compos'd a mind,  
 To such heroic warmth and courage join'd.  
 He too like *Sydney* nurs'd in learning's arms,  
 For nobler war, forsook her softer charms;  
 Like him possess'd of every pleasing art,  
 The secret wish of every female heart;  
 Like him cut off in youthful glory's pride,  
 He unrepining for his country died.

LORD LYTTLETON.

---

 ON A POOR BUT HONEST MAN.

Stop, reader, here, and deign a look  
 On one without a name;  
 Ne'er enter'd in the ample book  
 Of fortune, or of fame.

Studious of peace, he hated strife;  
 Meek virtues fill'd his breast;  
 His coat of arms, "A spotless life,"  
 "An honest heart" his crest.

Quarter'd therewith was Innocence;  
 And this his motto ran:  
 "A conscience void of all offence,  
 "Before both God and Man."

In the great day of wrath, tho' pride  
 Now scorns his pedigree,  
 Thousands shall wish they'd been ally'd  
 To this great family.

---

On an amiable daughter of the REV. MR. STERNE

Columns and labour'd urns but vainly shew,  
 An idle scene of decorated wo ;  
 The sweet companion and the friend sincere,  
 Need no mechanic help to force the tear ;  
 For heart-felt numbers never meant to shine,  
 'Twill flow eternal o'er a hearse like thine ;  
 'Twill flow whilst gentle goodness has one friend,  
 Or kindred tempers have a tear to lend.

---

In *Chiswick Church-yard*, on **WILLIAM HOGARTH**,  
 ESQ. who died the 26th October, 1764, aged 67.

Farewell, great Painter of mankind !  
 Who reach'd the noblest point of art ;  
 Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,  
 And, through the eye, correct the heart.  
 If Genius fire thee, Reader, stay—  
 If Nature touch thee, drop a tear—  
 If neither move thee, turn away,  
 For *Hogarth's* honour'd dust lies here.

GARRICK.

ON CAPTAIN JONES, who published some marvellous accounts of his *Travels*, the truth of all which he thought proper to testify by affidavit.

Tread softly mortals o'er the bones  
Of the world's wonder—*Captain Jones!*  
Who told his glorious deeds to many,  
But never was believed by any.  
Posterity let this suffice,  
He swore all's true—yet here he lies.

---

In *Wolverhampton, Staffordshire*. Near this place lies CHARLES CLAUDIUS PHILIPS, whose absolute contempt of riches, and inimitable performances on the *Violin*, made him the admiration of all who knew him. He was born in *Wales*, made the tour of *Europe*, and, after the experience of both kinds of fortune, died in 1732.

Exalted soul ! thy various sounds could please  
The love-sick virgin, and the gouty ease ;  
Could jarring crowds like old *Amphion* move  
To beauteous order, and harmonious love ;  
Here rest in peace, till angels bid thee rise,  
To join thy Saviour's concert in the skies.

---

*Garrick* repeating this epitaph, (which is by a *Dr. Wilkes*) to *Dr. Johnson*, the latter shook his head, and said, "I think, *Davy*, I can make a better." Then stirring about his tea, for a little while, in a state of meditation, he almost extempore produced

K K

the following lines—which are so exquisitely beautiful, that *Lord Kames*, strangely prejudiced as he was against *Dr. Johnson*, was compelled to allow them very high praise :—

*Philips*, whose touch harmonious could remove  
The pangs of guilty power or helpless love,  
Rest here ! distress'd by poverty no more,  
Here find that calm, thou gav'st so oft before.  
Sleep, undisturb'd, within this peaceful shrine,  
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

---

#### ON A PRIEST.

*Friar Paul*, in his cell, made his exit of late,  
Of the gravel some say—but no matter for that ;  
He died ! that's enough ; and if story say right,  
Arriv'd at Hell-gate in a pitiful plight.  
“ Who's there ?” cries the Demon on guard,—Quoth  
the other,  
“ A guilty poor priest, Sir, a Catholic brother.”  
“ Halt, instantly halt,” cried the sentry, “ Stand  
clear ;  
“ Go be damn'd somewhere else, for you sha'nt enter  
here.  
“ We admit no such savage, no wretch so uncivil ;  
“ Who above ate his God ; may below eat the Devil.”

---

#### ON A JUGGLER.

Death came to see thy tricks, and cut in twain  
Thy thread, why didst not make it whole again.

In the *Great Council Chamber, Guild-Hall, London*, a Statue of his late Majesty **GEORGE III.** is erected. It is placed at the end of the Chamber, elevated about 12 feet from the floor, in a niche of dark coloured marble. His Majesty is sculptured in his royal robes, holding the scroll of an address in his left hand ; the right hand is extended to represent the sovereign as in the act of returning an answer to an address which has been presented to him.

*On the Pedestal is the following Inscription :—*

**GEORGE THE THIRD,**

Born and bred a Briton,

Endeared to a brave, free, and loyal People,

By his public virtues,

By his pre-eminent example

Of private worth in all the relations of domestic life,

By his uniform course of unaffected piety,

And entire submission to the will of Heaven.

The wisdom and firmness

Of his character and councils,

Enabled him so to apply the resources of his Empire,

So to direct the native energies of his subjects,

That he maintained the dignity of his Crown,

Preserved inviolate the constitution in Church and

State,

And secured the commerce, and prosperity of his

Dominions,

During a long period of unexampled difficulty,

In which the deadly contagion of French principles,

And the domineering aggressions of French power,

Had nearly dissolved the frame,

And destroyed the independence

Of every other Government and nation in Europe.



The Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons of the  
City of London,  
Have erected this Statue in testimony  
Of their undeviating loyalty and grateful attachment  
To the best of Kings,  
In the Fifty-fifth year of his reign,  
A. D. 1815.  
BIRCH, MAYOR.

---

Stay, *Bachelor*, if you have wit,  
A wonder to behold !  
Husband and wife in one dark pit  
Lie close, and never scold !  
Tread softly though, for fear she wakes.—  
Hark ! she begins already !  
“ You’ve hurt my head—my shoulder aches ;  
“ These sots can ne’er move steady.”  
Ah ! friend, with happy freedom blest !  
See ! how my hopes miscarried !  
Not death itself can give you rest,  
Unless you die unmarried.

AARON HILL.

---

Here lies a fat Parson, who, free from all care,  
Gam’d, tippled, and sported with brown and with  
fair :  
He, in doubt of aught good, in next world he should  
know,  
Made prudently sure of the good things below :

The *Earl of Buchan*, dedicated a colossal Statue of the renowned Hero SIR WILLIAM WALLACE, on a Rock at *Dryburg*, in the following impressive manner:—

*In the name of my brave and worthy country,*  
I dedicate this monument as sacred to the memory of  
WALLACE,

The peerless Knight of *Ellerslie*,  
Who wav'd on *Ayr's* romantic shore,  
The beamy torch of liberty !  
And roaming round from sea to sea,  
From glade obscure or gloomy rock,  
His bold compatriots call'd to free  
The realm from *Edward's* iron yoke.

*" Great patriot hero ! ill requited chief."*

THOMSON'S AUTUMN.

In *Wimborne Church-yard*, County of *Dorset*, of  
JOHN PENNY.

" Reader—if of cash thou art in want of any,  
Dig four feet deep, and thou wilt find a—Peanny."

#### IN AMWELL CHURCH-YARD.

" That which a Being was, what is it ? show !  
That Being which it was it is not now ;  
To be what 'tis is not to be, you see,  
That which now is not shall a Being be."

The following very singular epitaph is taken from a tombstone in the *Church-yard of Leipsic, in Upper Germany.*

“ Capital Account :

For Christ's invaluable purchase and ransom, 100,000*l.*

Profit and Loss Account :

A fortunate end, a prize—To die well is the best prize,  
100,000*l.*

*Scheibenberg, the 7th April, 1669.*

Upon the appointed day of St Felix Adam, blacksmith's death, which shall happen on the 21st day of October, 1700, I *Jesus Christ*, promise to pay this my only bill of exchange to him, having purchased the value thereof, through my merits ; therefore being satisfied with his life and faith, give him eternal happiness through grace.

*Bibl. Sloan, 3985.*

JESUS CHRIST.”

In *Hendon Church-yard*, is the following singular epitaph (written by himself) in memory of ROBERT THOMAS CROSFIELD, M. D. who died 8th November, 1802 ; aged 44 years\*.

Beneath this stone *Tom Crosfield* lies,  
Who cares not now who laughs or cries ;  
He laugh'd when sober, and when mellow,  
Was a harum-scarum heedless fellow ;  
He gave to none design'd offence,  
So “ *Honi soit qui mal y pense !* ”

\* This was the person who was imprisoned in 1796, on a false accusation, made by the wretch *Upton*, a watch-maker, for conspiring to kill his Majesty by means of a poisoned arrow from an air gun.

## IN SOUTHLEY CHURCH-YARD ;

“ Here lies the body of *Gabriel John*,  
 Who died in the year of a thousand and one :  
 Pray for the soul of *Gabriel John* ;  
     You may if you please,  
     Or let it alone,  
     For it's all one  
     To *Gabriel John*,  
 Who died in the year of a thousand and one.”

---

From a tombstone at *Gunwallow*, near *Helstone*,  
*Cornwall*. Read backwards or forwards.

Shall we all die !  
 We shall die all.  
 All die shall we !  
 Die all we shall.

---

In the *Church-yard* of *Hoveton*, *St. John*. To the  
 memory of JOHN BROWN.

Beneath this turf, to rustic labour bred,  
 The village Poet rests his humble head,  
 Low in the dust the son of genius lies,  
 Death claims alike the unletter'd and the wise.  
 Talent ! how vain without religion's root,  
 Like gaudy flowers, alone without the fruit ;  
 O'er him did both with equal care preside,  
 Learning he lov'd, the gospel was his pride ;  
 And prov'd this truth, as virtue's paths he trode—  
 “ An honest man's the noblest work of God.”

In *Kingsbridge Church-yard*, on a man who was too poor to be buried with his relations in the church,

Here lie I at the chancel door,  
Here I lie because I'm poor ;  
The further in, the more to pay,  
Here I lie as warm as they.

---

In *St. Paul's Cathedral*, on SIR PHILIP SYDNEY, KNT. who received his death at a Battle near *Zutphen*, in *Gelderland*, September 22, 1586.

*England*, *Netherland*, the *Heav'ns*, and the *Arts*,  
The *Souldiers* and the *World* have made six parts  
Of noble *Sydney* ; for who will suppose,  
That a small heap of stones can *Sydney* inclose !

*England* hath his *body*, for she it fed ;  
*Netherland* his *blood*, in her defence shed :  
The *Heav'ns* have his *soul*, the *Arts* have his fame,  
The *Souldiers* the *grief*, the *World* his *good name*.

---

#### ON A DRUNKARD.

Beneath this stone one's dust is laid,  
Who drank his *passing-cup* and reel'd to bed ;  
*Death* reach'd the bowl, and this prescription gave,  
" Dose now thy senses sober in the grave."  
Life paid the present shot ; but oh ! the fears,  
When morn awakes him to his long arrears ;  
Charg'd with the revels of each former day,  
For there's a *dreadful reck'ning* still to pay.

## ON A TAILOR.

Here rests a form, once like a man's  
 In colour, *shape*, and feature;  
 Whose *measures*, *promises*, and *plans*,  
 Were guided by good-nature.  
 Although no seaman, still on *board*!  
 No traveller, yet nimble;  
 His table was with *cabbage* stor'd  
 And beef, earn'd by his *thimble*.  
 Though fashion *press'd* his daily cares,  
 From Saturday till Monday,  
 In a new *suit* he said his pray'rs,  
 At church, sometimes, on Sunday.  
 But Death, that nothing human spares,  
 In petticoats or breeches,  
 At last stole on him unawares,  
 And *snipt* his vital *stitches*!

---

The Inscription on the monument of the late unfortunate QUEEN of FRANCE.

*Maria Antoinette Josepha Joanna of Austria,*

Widow of LOUIS XVI.

Who when her husband had been murdered,  
 And she had been bereft of her children,  
 Was thrown into prison,  
 Where she remained for the space of seventy-six days,  
 In misery and wretchedness,  
 But supported by conscious virtue,  
 Proved herself, alike superior to fortune, in chains,  
 As upon the throne.

L L

Being at length condemned to die,  
 By the most profligate of mankind ;  
 In the hour of death, she left here a monument  
 Of piety, of fortitude, and of every virtue,  
 October 16, 1793.

The monarchy being at length restored,  
 Her prison was converted into a sanctuary,  
 In the year of our Lord, 1816,  
 And the 22d of the reign of LOUIS XVIII.  
 Under the inspection of the Prefect and Municipal  
 Authorities,  
 The *Count De Cazes*, being Minister of Police.

Whoever thou art,  
 Stranger !  
 That treadest this sacred ground,  
 Admire ! supplicate ! and adore !



### ON ONE NAMED JOHN.

Death came to *John*,  
 And whisper'd in his ear,  
 You must die *John* ;  
*D'ye hear ?\**

Quoth *John*, to Death,  
 The news is bad :  
 No matter, quoth Death,  
*I've said.*

\* It was his custom in conversation to say, "*D'ye hear ?*" And if any said he did not, *John* would reply, "*'Tis no matter, I've said.*"

THE REV. WILLIAM HUNTINGDON was minister for many years of *Providence Chapel, Titchfield-street*, and latterly of *Providence Chapel, Gray's Inn-Lane*. Mr. HUNTINGDON was well known as a Preacher, and by his eccentric writings, in most parts of England, few men have attracted more notice. Since the destruction of the old Chapel in *Titchfield-street*, by fire, and the erection of the new one in *Gray's Inn-Lane*, he had resided at *Pentonville*: his last sermon was on the 16th of June, when he appeared in his usual health, after which being indisposed, he went for recovery to *Tunbridge-wells*, and died on the first of July. His remains were taken from *Tunbridge-wells* to *Lewes*, and interred in a vault at the west end of *Tirch Chapel*, in the presence of some hundreds of spectators of all denominations. The hearse was followed by eight mourning coaches and a considerable number of other carriages. His wife, *Lady Sanderson*, and her two daughters, with the children of the deceased by a former wife, were the chief mourners. A stone at the head of the grave exhibits the following epitaph, dictated by himself a few days prior to his death.

#### HERE LIES

#### THE COAL HEAVER :

Who departed this life, July 1, 1813 ;  
In the 69th year of his age.

Beloved of his God, but abhorred of Men,  
The Omniscient Judge at the Grand Assize,  
Shall ratify and confirm this,

To the confusion of many thousands :  
For England and its Metropolis shall know,  
That there has been a *Prophet* among them.



IMMORTAL SHAKSPEARE, born in 1564, and died on his birth day, April 23, 1616, having completed his 52d year, and lies buried in the north aisle of the chancel in the great Church at *Stratford-on-Avon*, with the following inscription, on a stone, supposed to be written by himself:—

Stay, passenger, why dost thou go so fast?  
Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath plac'd  
Within this monument; *Shakspeare*, with whom  
Quick nature dy'd; whose name doth deck the tomb  
Far more than cost; since all that he hath writ  
Leaves living art but page to serve his wit.

---

And on his grave-stone underneath are these lines  
in an uncouth mixture of small and capital letters.

Good friend, for *Jesus'* sake, forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here.  
Blest be the man that spares these stones;  
And curst be he that moves my bones.

---

On MR. COOMBE, a gentleman in *Warwickshire*,  
and noted for practising usury.

Ten in the hundred lies here engrav'd,  
'Tis an hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd:  
If any man ask who lies in this tomb,  
Oh! oh! quoth the devil, 'tis my *John o' Coombe*.

SHAKSPEARE.

On TOM a COOMBE, alias THIN BEARD ; brother  
to the last mentioned, supposed also to be written by  
*Shakespeare*.

Thin in beard, and thick in purse,  
Never man beloved worse ;  
He went to the grave with many a curse,  
The devil and he had both one nurse.

---

On RICHARD SMITH, an idiot, at *Colne*, in *Lancashire*.

If innocence may claim a place in Heav'n,  
And little be requir'd from little given ;  
My great Creator has for me in store,  
A world of bliss,—What can the wise have more?

---

On QUEEN ELIZABETH, who died at *Richmond*,  
on the 24th day of March, 1602, in the 70th year of  
her age, and 45th of her reign.

Kings, queens, men's judgments, eyes,  
See where your mirrour lyes :  
In whom her friends hath seen  
A King's state in a queen :  
In whom her foes survey'd  
A man's heart in a maid ;  
Whom least men for her piety  
Should judge to have been a deity.  
Heav'n since, by death, did summon,  
To shew she was a woman.

In *St. Martin's Orgar's, London* ; on M. S. SIR ALLEN COTTON, Knight and Alderman of London, sometime Lord Mayor of this honourable city, who died 24th of September, 1628.

When he left earth, rich bounty dy'd,  
Mild courtesie gave place to pride ;  
Soft mercie to bright justice sayde,  
O sister ! we are both betray'd :  
White innocence lay on the ground  
By truth, and wept at either's wound ;  
The sons of *Levi* did lament,  
Their lamps went out, their oil was spent ;  
Heav'n hath his soul, and only we  
Spin out our lives in misery ;  
So death, thou missest of thy ends,  
And kill'st not him, but kill'st his friends.

---

---

#### ON SIR EDWARD LYTTLETONS.

Here lie three knights, grandfather, father, and son ;  
Sir Edward, Sir Edward, and Sir Edward Lyttleton.

---

---

On THOMAS KEMP, who was hanged for sheep-stealing.

Here lies the body of *Thomas Kemp*,  
Who liv'd by *wool*, but dy'd by *hemp* ;  
There's nothing would suffice this glutton,  
But, with the fleece, to steal the mutton !  
Had he but work'd, and liv'd uprighter,  
He'd ne'er been hang'd for sheep-biter.

In *St. Helen's Church, London*, on *SIR JULIUS DALMARE CÆSAR's Tomb*, there is the following curious Inscription in Latin, cut out in court hand. The translation is to the following purport :—

To all faithful Christians to whom these presents shall come. Know ye that I *Julius Dalmare*, alias *Cæsar*, Knight ; Doctor of Laws ; Judge of the high Court of Admiralty, and Master of Requests to *Queen Elizabeth*. Privy Councillor ; Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Master of the Rolls to *King James*, do by these presents declare, that I will cheerfully pay the debt I owe to nature, whenever it shall please God to appoint it. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, dated 27th February, 1635, &c.

JULIUS CÆSAR, it is enrolled in Heaven.

---

### ON A FEMALE DRUNKARD.

Arrested by death  
Lies a female beneath,  
Who, when living, ne'er flinch'd from her glass ;  
And at the last day,  
The first words she will say  
Are, drink my boys ! let the toast pass.

Nay, weep not my friend,  
Lament not her end,  
Soon or late we all come to it must ;  
Let malice and spleen,  
Mourn alone o'er their queen,  
For here she lies mould'ring to dust.

To the memory of that ancient servant to the city,  
with his pen, in divers employments, especially the  
Survey of London, MASTER ANTHONY MUNDAY,  
Citizen and Draper of London.

He that hath many an ancient tombstone read,  
Th' labour seeming more among the dead  
To live, than with the living—that survey'd  
Abstruse antiquities, and o'er them laid  
Such vive and beauteous colours with his pen ;  
That, spite of time, those old are new again,  
Under this marble lies interr'd ; his tomb  
Claiming (as worthily it may) this room.  
Among those many monuments his quill  
Has so revived, helping now to fill  
A place (with those) in his survey, in which  
He has a monument, more fair, more rich  
Than polish'd stones could make him, where he lies,  
Though dead, still living, and in that ne'er dies.

---

#### ON A GAMESTER.

Here lies the body of *All-fours*,  
Who lost his money, and pawn'd his clothes ;  
If that you want to know his name,  
'Tis *Highest, Lowest, Jack, and Game*.

---

#### UPON JOHN DEATH.

Here lies *John Death*, the very same  
That went away with a cousin of his name.

## ST. BOTOLPH, BISHOPSGATE.

On the 10th of August, Anno 1626,  
 Was interred, without the verge of the consecrated  
 Burial ground in Petty France,  
 The body of HADGI SHAUGHSWARE,  
 A Persian Merchant;  
 Whose son, according to the custom of his country,  
 Daily repaired to his grave,  
 For the space of a month,  
 Where he performed  
 Divers prayers and ceremonies over the defunct;  
 But being disturbed by the populace,  
 Discontinued his funeral devotions,  
 And erected a Monument to his Memory,  
 With a Persian Inscription,

## ENGLISHED THUS:

This grave is made for *Hadgi Shaughsware*, the  
 chiefest servant to the *King of Persia* for the space  
 of twenty years; who came from the *King of Persia*,  
 and died in his service. If any *Persian* cometh out  
 of that country, let him read this, and a prayer for  
 him. The Lord receive his soul; for here lieth *Hadgi*  
*Maghmote Shaughsware*, who was born in the town  
 of *Novoy*, in *Persia*.

---

In *Barton-Stacy Church-yard, Hants*, on MR.  
 JOHN COLLINCE.

Where 'twas I liv'd or dy'd, it matters not;  
 To whom related, or by whom begot;  
 I was, but am not; ask no more of me;  
 It's all I am, and all that you must be.

M M

On the tomb of **SIR THOMAS STANLEY**, Knight, second son of *Edward, Earl of Derby*, which was remaining on the north side of the chancel of the Church of *Tong*, in the county of *Salop*, 1603 ; when *Sir William Dugdale* made the last visitation of that County, and which *Sir William* in a marginal note says, was written by *William Shakspeare*.

Ask who lies here, but do not weep,  
He is not dead, he doth but sleep ;  
This stony register is for his bones,  
His fame is more perpetual than these stones.  
And his own goodness, with himself being gone,  
Shall live when earthly monument is none ;  
Not monumental stone preserves our fame,  
Nor sky aspiring Pyramids our name :  
The memory of him, for whom this stands,  
Shall outlive marble and defacers' hands :  
When all to time's consumption shall be given,  
*Stanley*, for whom this stands, shall stand in Heav'n.

---

In *Peterborough Cathedral*, on **SIR RICHARD WORME**. 1589.

Does worm eat *Worme* ? Knight *Worme* this truth confirms,  
For here, with worms, lies *Worme* a dish for worms.  
Does worm eat *Worme* ? sure *Worme* will this deny,  
For *Worme* with worms, a dish for worms don't lie.  
'Tis so, and 'tis not so, for free from worms  
'Tis certain *Worme* is blest without his worms.

In *St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfeld*; sacred to the memory of that worthy and learned FRANCIS ANTHONY, Doctor in Physick.

There needs no verse to beautify thy praise,  
Or keep in memory thy spotless name ;  
Religion, virtue, and thy skill did raise  
A threefold pillar to thy lasting fame.

Though poisonous envy ever sought to blame,  
Or hide the fruits of thy invention ;  
Yet shall they all commend that high design,  
Of purest gold to make a medicine,\*  
That feel thy help by that thy rare invention.

He died the 16th of May, 1623, of his age 74.

His loving son *John Anthony*, Doctor in Physic, left this remembrance of his sorrow. He died the 28th of April, 1655, aged 70 years, and was buried near this place, and left behind him one son and three daughters.



On a SCOLDING WIFE, who died in her sleep.

Here lies the quint-essence of noise and strife,  
Or, in one word, here lies a scolding wife ;  
Had not death took her when her mouth was shut,  
He durst not for his ears have touch'd the slut.

\* He was the Inventor of the *Aurum Potabile*, a nostrum of great note in the 17th century.



In *St. Lawrence, Jury, London* ; on WILLIAM BIRD, who died October 2, 1698 ; aged 4 years.

One charming *Bird* to *Paradis* is flown,  
 Yet are we not of comfort quite bereft :  
 Since one of this fair brood is still our own,  
 And still to cheer our drooping souls is left.  
 This stays with us whilst that his flight doth take,  
 That earth and skies may one sweet concert make.

---

In *St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield*.

*Hic in humatum succubat, quantum terrestre viri  
 vere reuerendi EDWARDI COOKE, Philosophii apprime  
 docti nec non medici spectatissimi, qui tertio idus Au-  
 gusti, anno 1652, anno Ætatis 30 certa resurgens  
 spe (uti necesse) naturæ concessit.*

Unsteepe your briny flood ; what, can you keep  
 Your eyes from tears, and see the marble weep ?  
 Burst out, for shame ; or if you find no vent  
 For tears ; yet stay, and see the stones relent.

---

### WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

Here lyeth buried PRINCE ARTHUR, the first be-  
 gotten son of the right renowned *King Henry VII.*  
 which noble Prince departed out of this transitory  
 life in the castle of *Ludlow*, in the 17th year of his  
 father's reign, and in the year of our Lord God, one  
 thousand five hundred and two.

In *St. Martin's Church, Outwich, London* ; rebuilt in 1796. Many of the monuments in the old building are preserved in the present Church, amongst which is the following:—In memory of JOHN WIGHT, *obit. anno. 1633* ; aged 24.

Reader ! thou mayst forbear to put thine eyes  
To charge for tears to mourn these obsequies :  
Such charitable grief would best be given,  
To those who late or never come to Heav'n.  
But here you would by weeping on this dust,  
Allay his happiness with thy mistrust ;  
Whose pious closing of his youthful years,  
Deserves thy imitation, not thy tears.

---

In *St. Mary, Rotherhithe, Surrey* ; to the memory of PRINCE LEE BOO, a native of the *Pelew* or *Paloo Islands*, and son to ABBEY THULLE, *Rupack*, or *King of the Island, Goo-roo-raa*, who departed this life on the 27th of December, 1787, aged 20 years. This stone is inscribed by the *Honorable East India Company*, as a testimony of the humane and kind treatment, afforded by his father to the Crew of their ship, the *Antelope*, CAPTAIN WILSON, which was wrecked off that Island, on the night of the 9th of August, 1783.

Stop, reader ! stop, let nature claim a tear,  
A Prince of mine, *Lee Boo*, lies buried here.

An account of this amiable Prince is given in *Mr. Keate's* interesting narrative of *Captain Wilson's* adventures at the *Pelew Islands*.

## ST. ANN'S, SOHO.

A monument was erected in the Church-yard by the  
*Earl of Orford*;

With the following Inscription :—

Near this place is interred

**THEODORE, KING OF CORSICA,**

Who died in this parish December, 11th, 1756,

Immediately after leaving

The *King's Bench* prison,

By the benefit of the act of Insolvency :

In consequence of which

He registered his kingdom of *Corsica*

For the use of his creditors.

The grave, great teacher, to a level brings

Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings ;

But *Theodore* this moral learn'd ere dead,—

Fate pour'd its lessons on his living head,

Bestow'd a kingdom, and deny'd him bread.



## ON GRAY, THE POET.

Ye lovers, robb'd of all your souls held dear,

Ye maidens, sorrowing for your lovers true ;

Ye orphans, weeping o'er your father's bier,

Now mourn for him, who best could mourn for you.

For here he lies, who knew, in tender strains,

To pour the artless, elegiac lay,

To lull your sorrows, and to sooth your pains ;

Here lies the gen'rous, sympathetic *Gray*.

In *St. Alban's, Herts*, facing the entrance of the south door, is the monument of HUMPHREY, brother to *King Henry V.* commonly distinguished by the title of the good *Duke of Gloucester*. It is adorned with a *ducal, coronet*, and the *arms of France and England* quartered. In *niches* on one side are *Seventeen Kings*. The inscription alludes to the pretended miraculous cure of a supposed blind man detected by the Duke.

*Sacred to the memory of the best of men.*

Interr'd within this consecrated ground,  
Lies he whom *Henry* his protector found :  
Good *Humphrey, Gloucester's duke*, who well could  
    spy,  
Fraud couch'd within the blind impostor's eye ;  
His country's light and state's rever'd support,  
Who peace and rising learning deign'd to court—  
Whence his rich library at *Oxford* plac'd,  
Her ample schools with sacred influence grac'd ;  
Yet fell beneath an envious woman's wile,  
Both to herself, her King and Country vile ;  
Who scarce allows his bones this spot of land,  
Yet spite of envy shall his glory stand.

---

#### ON MR. SANDS.

Who would live in other's breath ?  
Fame deceives the dead man's trust ;  
When our names do change by death,  
    *Sands* I was, and now am dust.

An inscription on a Pillar at Moscow commemorates  
the battle fought on that spot on the 12th April, 1612,  
between King JOHN III. and the Tatars of MOS-  
COW, in which the Tart was slain, with many of the  
prime nobility and his household men.

Here was fought  
The famous Battle,  
Between JOHN III.  
And the TATAR of MOSCOW  
April 12, 1612,  
In which the Tart was  
Slain and slain.

=====

On I B—————, Last, Last Night of D.

Here, last night, upon his back,  
Do death extended, lay young Jack;  
A deeper sleep he had sought,  
Removal to CH———, or to F———.  
Glad was he sleep, we've heard him sigh  
Within these sacred walls before:  
Yet, cannot I believe in Morpheus' aid,  
He soon shook off the dreamy god,  
And soon awakened glad to live,  
And yawn, and stare, and rub his eyes,  
Now complains it quite beyond him, and  
Admits it is sleep, and death, and all.  
He returns home.—The day will come  
When he, fresh from this world,  
Shall see and other realms explore,  
And wake as fit to sleep as now.

**In Westminster Abbey, on DR. GOLDSMITH, is a Latin inscription, by Dr. Johnson, thus translated.**

By the love of his associates,  
The fidelity of his friends,  
And the veneration of his readers,  
This monument is raised  
To the Memory of

**OLIVER GOLDSMITH,**

A poet, a natural philosopher, and an historian,  
Who left no species of writing untouched by his pen ;  
Nor touched any that he did not embellish ;  
Whether smiles or tears were to be excited,  
He was a powerful, yet gentle master  
Over the affections ;  
Of a genius at once sublime, lively, and  
Equal to every subject ;  
In expression, at once lofty, elegant, and graceful.

He was born in the kingdom of Ireland,  
At a place called Pallas, in the parish of Forney,  
And county of Longford,  
29th November, 1731.\*

Educated at Dublin,  
And died in London,  
April 4th, 1774.

\* *Johnson* had been misinformed in this particular: it has since been ascertained that he was born November 29th, 1728, and by many it is supposed that Elphin, in the county of Roscommon, was the place of his birth.

## ON JOAN OF ARC.

Here lies *Joan of Arc*, the which  
 Some count saint, and some count witch ;  
 Some count man, and some count more ;  
 Some count maid, and some count whore :  
 Her life's in question, wrong or right,  
 Her death's in doubt by laws or might :  
 Meantime France a wonder saw,  
 A woman rule 'gainst Salic law,  
 But, reader, be advis'd, and stay  
 Thy censure till the judgment day ;  
 Then shalt thou know (and not before)  
 Whether saint, witch, man, maid, or whore.

---

## On JOHN TISSEY, a great Punster.

Merry was he for whom we all now are sad ;  
 His jokes were many, and but few were bad ;  
 The gay, the jocund, sprightly, active soul,  
 No more shall pun ; alas ! no more shall bowl.  
 Now at his tomb, methinks I hear him say,  
 I never lik'd to be in a *grave* way ;  
 Then by and bye, he cries, for all your scoffing,  
 I now am only in a fit of *coffin*.  
 Thy passing bell with heavy hearts we hear,  
 For thee each *passing belle* shall drop a tear ;  
 That sable hearse that drew thy corpse along,  
 Shall be *rehears'd* in dismal poet's song.  
 Ah, how unlike ! yet this is he, we're sure,  
 Who once in *Grafton's* coach sat so demure.

Many a ball he gracefully began,  
 Well may we *bawl*, to lose so great a man.  
 Thy friendly club their mighty loss deplore,  
 Their faithful secretary, now no more !  
 Thou ne'er shalt *secret tarry*, tho' in death,  
 While puns are puns, or punning men have breath.

*His Epitaph.*

Beneath this gravel and those stones,  
 Lie poor *Jack Tissey's* skin and bones ;  
 His flesh, I oft have heard him say,  
 He hop'd, in time, would make good hay.  
 Quoth I, how can that come to pass ?  
 When he replied, " All flesh is grass."

ON KING CHARLES II.

Here lies our sov'reign lord the king,  
 Whose word no man relies on ;  
 Who never said a foolish thing,  
 Nor ever did a wise one.

LORD ROCHESTER.

ON A MAYOR OF EXETER.

Here lies the body of Captain *Tully*,  
 Aged a hundred and nine years fully ;  
 And threescore years before, as mayor,  
 The sword of this city he did bear.  
 Nine of his wives do by him lie,  
 So shall the tenth when she doth die.



## ON SIR JOHN CALF.

Here lyes the body of *Sir John Calf*,  
 Who was thrice lord mayor of this city,  
 Honour ! Honour ! Honour !

*The following Lines were written by a Gentleman who  
 read the above Epitaph.*

O wretched Death, more subtle than a Fox,  
 Could'st thou not let this *Calf* become an Ox,  
 That he might brouse amongst the briars and thorns,  
 And wear, among his brethren,  
 Horns ! Horns ! Horns !

---

## . CORNWALL. ON JOAN CARTHEW.

Here lies the body of *Joan Carthew*,  
 Born at *St. Columb*, buried at *St. Cwe* ;  
 Children she had five ;  
 Three are dead, and two alive ;  
 Those that are dead chusing rather  
 To die with the mother, than live with the father.

---

## ON THOMAS NICKS.

Here lyeth *Thom. Nicks*' body,  
 Who lived a fool, and dyed a noddy ;  
 As for his soul, ask them that can tell  
 Whether *Nicks*' souls go to Heav'n or Hell.

## ON MRS. NOTT.

*Nott* \_\_\_\_\_ a maid,  
*Nott* \_\_\_\_\_ a wife,  
*Nott* \_\_\_\_\_ a widow,  
*Nott* \_\_\_\_\_ a whore.

She was *Nott* these,  
 And yet she was all four.

*Nott* born, *Nott* died, *Nott* christen'd, *Nott* begot,  
 Lo ! here she lies that was, and that was *Nott* ;  
 She died, was born, baptiz'd, and, what is more,  
 Was in her life-time honest, *Nott* a whore :  
 Reader, behold a wonder rarely wrought,  
 That whilst thou seem'st to read, thou readest *Nott*.

In *St. Mary's, Nottingham* ; on MRS. BUFF, a  
 Fortune Teller.

Here lies *Mrs. Buff*,  
 Who had money enough :  
 She laid it up in a store ;  
 And when she died  
 She shut her eyes,  
 And never spoke more.

## ON PRINCE HENRY, son of James I.

I have no vein in verse, but if I could  
 Distil on every word a pearl, I would.  
 Our sorrows pearl drops, not from pens, but eyes,  
 Whilst other Muses write, mine only cries.

## ON JOE CRUMP.

Once ruddy and plump,  
 But now a pale lump,  
 Beneath this soft clump,  
 Lies honest *Joe Crump*,  
 Who wish'd to his neighbour no evil ;  
 Although by Death's thump,  
 He's laid on his rump ;  
 Yet up he shall jump,  
 When he hears the last trump,  
 And triumph o'er death and the devil.

---

## ON WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D. D.

Within, the relics of a churchman lie,  
 The good man's friend, and no man's enemy ;  
 Learn'd humble, pious, cheerful, mild ; his breast  
 A mansion pure, by Charity possess'd.  
 To all benevolent, and less inclin'd  
 To serve himself, than benefit mankind :  
 To that he sacrific'd each worldly view,  
 For what his heart condemn'd he durst not do.  
 Though scant of wealth, rich in the truest sense,  
 Rich in a conscience void of all offence ;  
 And to man's natural rights a friend sincere,  
 Or in a civil or religious sphere.  
 In him, as in a glass, the world might see  
 What teacher, husband, father, man, should be.  
 To truth a constant friend he liv'd and died ;  
 Truth, in return, this epitaph supplied.

## ON A COUNTRY INNKEEPER.

Here ! hark ye ! old friend ! what wilt pass, then,  
without

Taking notice of *honest plump Jack*?

For see how 'tis with me, my light is burnt out,

And they've laid me here flat on my back.

That light in my nose, once so bright to behold,

That light is extinguish'd at last ;

And I'm now put to bed, in the dark and the cold,

With wicker, and so forth, made fast.

But now wilt oblige me ? Then call for a quart

Of the *best*, from the house o'er the way ;

Drink a part on't thyself, on my grave pour a part,

And walk on.—Friend, I wish thee good day.



## ON MR. JOHN MOLE, who died at Worcester.

Beneath this cold stone lies a son of the Earth ;

His story is short, though we date from his birth ;

His mind was as gross as his body was big :

He drank like a fish, and he ate like a pig ;

No cares of religion, of wedlock, or state,

Did e'er, for a moment, encumber John's pate :

He sat, or he walk'd, but his walk was but creeping,

And he rose from his bed—when quite tir'd of sleep-  
ing.

Without foe, without friend, unnotic'd he died ;

Not a single soul laugh'd, not a single soul cried.

Like his *four-footed* namesake, he dearly lov'd earth,

So the sexton has cover'd his body with turf,

## AT FARLAM, NEAR NAWORTH CASTLE.

*John Bell* broken bow  
 Ligs under this stean :  
 Four of mine een sons  
 Laid it on my weam,  
 I was a man of my meat,  
 Master of my wife ;  
 I lived on mine own land  
 Without mickle strife.

---

## ON W. ELDERTON, the red-nosed Ballad-maker.

He was originally an attorney in the sheriff's court of London, and afterwards (if we may believe Oldys) a comedian ; was a facetious fuddling companion, whose tippling and rhymes rendered him famous among his contemporaries. He was author of many popular songs and ballads, and probably other pieces. He is believed to have fallen a victim to his bottle before the year 1592. His epitaph has been recorded by Camden, and is thus translated by Oldys.

Dead drunk, here *Elderton* doth lie ;  
 Dead as he is, he still is dry :  
 So of him it may well be said,  
 Here he, but not his thirst, is laid.

See *Stow's Lond.* (Guildhall)—*Biogr. Brit.* (*Drayton*, by *Oldys*, Note B.) *Ath. Ox.*—*Camden's Remains*—The Exaale-lation of Ale, among *Beaumont's Poems*, 8vo. 1653.

## ON FRANCIS CHARTERIS.

Here continueth to *rot*  
 The body of *Francis Charteris* ;  
 Who, with an inflexible constancy,  
 And inimitable uniformity of life,  
     Persisted,  
 In spite of age and infirmities,  
 In the practice of every human vice ;  
 Excepting prodigality and hypocrisy ;  
 His insatiable avarice exempted him from the first,  
 His matchless impudence from the second :  
     Nor was he more singular  
 In the undeviating depravity of his manners,  
     Than successful  
     In accumulating wealth ;  
 For, without trade or profession,  
 Without trust of public money,  
 And without bribe-worthy service,  
 He acquired, or, more properly, created,  
     A ministerial estate.

He was the only person of his time  
 Who could cheat without the mask of honesty,  
     Retain his primæval meanness  
 When possessed of ten thousand a year ;  
 And having deserved the gibbet for what he did,  
 Was at last condemned to it for what he could not do.

O indignant reader !  
 Think not his life useless to mankind !  
 Providence, at his execrable designs  
     To give to after ages  
     A conspicuous proof and example  
 Of how small estimation is exorbitant wealth,  
     O O

In the sight of God,  
By his bestowing it on the most unworthy  
Of all mortals.

DR. ARBUTHNOT,

This man was infamous for all manner of vices. When he was an ensign in the army, he was drummed out of the regiment for a cheat; he was next banished to *Brussels*, and drummed out of *Ghent*, on the same account. After an hundred tricks at the gaming table, he took to lending of money at exorbitant interest and great premium; and accumulating premium, interest and capital into new capital, and seizing to a minute when the payments became due; in a word, by a constant attendance on the wants, vices, and follies of mankind, he acquired an immense fortune. His house was the scene of every iniquity. He was twice condemned for rapes, and pardoned; but the last time not without imprisonment in Newgate, and large confiscations.

He died in 1731, aged 62. The populace at his funeral raised a great riot, almost tore the body out of the coffin, and cast dead dogs, &c. into the grave along with it.

He was said to have died worth seven thousand pounds a year, estates in land, and about one hundred thousand pounds in money.

---

I, *Sir John Trollop*,  
Made these stones roll up;  
When God shall take my soul up,  
My body shall fill that hole up.

## ON ROBIN HOOD.

Hear underneath dis laith stean  
 Laiz *Robert, Earl of Huntingdon* ;  
 Nea arcir ver az hie sae geud,  
 An pipl kauld im *Robin Heud* :  
 Sick utlawz as hi an is men  
 Vil *England* niver si agen.

Obiit 24 kal, Dekembris, 1247.

See *Thoresby's Ducat Leod*, p. 576. Biog. Brit. VI.—3933.

The above is in black letter.

## IN MODERN ENGLISH,

Here, underneath this little stone,  
 Lays *Robert, Earl of Huntingdon* :  
 No archer was as he so good,  
 And people call'd him *Robin Hood* :  
 Such outlaws as he and his men  
 Will *England* never see again.

He died December 24th, 1247,

The famous hero of the above epitaph had his chief residence in *Sherwood Forest, Nottinghamshire*, and the heads of whose story, as collected by *Stow*, are briefly these:—

“ In this time (about the year 1190, in the reign of *Richard* the First) were many robbers and outlaws, among the which *Robin Hood* and *Little John*, renowned thieves, continued in woods, despoiling and robbing the goods of the rich. They killed none but such as would invade them: or by resistance for their own defence.



"The said *Robert* entertained an hundred tall men, and good archers, with such spoiles and thefts as he got, upon whom four hundred, (were they ever so strong), durst not give the onset. He suffered no woman to be oppressed, violated, or otherwise molested : poor men's goods he spared, abundantlie relieving them with that which, by theft, he got from abbeyes and the houses of rich earls : whom Major (the historian) blameth for his rapine and theft, but of all thieves he affirmeth him to be the prince, and the most gentle thief." *Annals*, p. 156.

The personal courage of this celebrated outlaw, his skill in archery, his humanity, and especially his levelling principle of taking from the rich and giving to the poor, have, in all ages, rendered him the favourite of the common people ; who, not content with celebrating his memory by innumerable songs and stories, have erected him into the dignity of an earl. Indeed, it is not impossible but our hero, to gain the more respect from his followers, or they to derive the more credit to their profession, may have given rise to such a report themselves : for we find it recorded in an epitaph, which, if genuine, must have been inscribed on his tombstone near the nunnery of *Kirklees*, in *Yorkshire* ; where (as the story goes) he was bled to death by a treacherous nun, to whom he applied for phlebotomy.

---

#### ON MR. FOOTE.

Here lies one *Foote*, whose death may thousands save,  
For death has now one *Foote* within the grave.

In *Paul's Church-yard, Mousehole, Cornwall*; on  
**DOLLY PENTREATH**, who was one of the last persons  
 known to speak the Cornish language, and died  
 at the great age of 102. Her epitaph is both in Cornish  
 and English.

Old *Doll Pentreath*, one hundred age and two,  
 Both born, and in *Paul* parish buried too;  
 Not in the church 'mongst people great and high,  
 But in the Church-yard doth old *Dolly* lie!

---

#### IN GLASGOW CHURCH-YARD.

Here ligs *Mess Andrew Gray*,  
 Of whom ne muckle good can I say;  
 He was ne *Quaker*, for he had ne spirit;  
 He was ne *Papist*, for he had ne merit;  
 He was ne *Turk*, for he drank muckle wine;  
 He was ne *Jew*, for he eat muckle swine.  
 Full forty years he preach'd and lee'd;  
 For which God doom'd him when he dee'd.

---

In *Shrivenham Church, Berkshire*; on **SAMUEL  
 BARRINGTON**, Admiral of the White, and General of  
 Marines, who died, August 16, 1800.

Here rests the hero, who, in glory's page,  
 Wrote his fair deeds for more than half an age;  
 Here rests the patriot, who, for *England's* good,  
 Each toil encounter'd, and each clime withstood.

Here rests the Christian, his the loftier theme,  
 To seize the conquest, yet renounce the fame.  
 He, when his arm *St. Lucia's* trophies boasts,  
 Ascribes the glory to the Lord of Hosts ;  
 And when the harder task remain'd behind,  
 The passive courage and the will resign'd.  
 Patient the veteran victor yields his breath,  
 Secure in him who conquer'd Sin and Death.

HANNAH MORE.

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An Inscription on a Tomb-stone, in *Ainsty* Church-yard.

*Mary Best* lies buried here,  
 Her age it was just ninety year :  
 Twenty-eight she liv'd a single life,  
 And only four years was a wife ;  
 She liv'd a widow fifty-eight,  
 And died January 11th, eighty-eight.

---

---

In *Berkhampstead Church, Herts*, on *MRS. COWPER*, mother of *Cowper the Poet*, by whom the following Epitaph was written : she died, November 13, 1737.

Here lies interr'd, too soon bereft of life,  
 The best of mothers, and the kindest wife :  
 Who neither knew, nor practis'd any art,  
 Secure in all she wished, her husband's heart ;

Her love to him preserving ev'n in death,  
 Pray'd heav'n to bless him with her latest breath;  
 Still was she studious never to offend,  
 And glad of an occasion to commend :  
 With ease could pardon injuries receiv'd,  
 Nor e'er was cheerful when another griev'd :  
 Despising state, with her own lot content,  
 Enjoy'd the comforts of a life well-spent ;  
 Resign'd when Heav'n demanded back her breath,  
 Her mind heroic 'midst the pangs of death.  
 Whoe'er thou art that dost this tomb draw near, }  
 O stay awhile, and shed a friendly tear ; }  
 These lines, tho' weak, are like herself sincere. }

---

#### ON SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Here *Reynolds* is laid ; and, to tell you my mind,  
 He has left not a wiser or better behind.  
 His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand ;  
 His manners were gentle, complying, and bland.  
 Still born to improve us in every part ;  
 His pencil, our faces ; his manners, our heart ;  
 To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,  
 When they judg'd without skill, he was still hard of  
 hearing ;  
 When they talk'd of their *Raphaels*, *Correggios*, and  
 stuff,  
 He shifted his trumpet,\* and only took snuff.

GOLDSMITH.

\* *Sir Joshua* was so deaf, as to be obliged to use an ear-trumpet in company.

In *Carrisbrooke, Isle of Wight*, on WILLIAM KEELING, who died in the year 1619, having been *Groom* to the *Chamber* to JAMES the First, and General for the Honourable East India Adventurers.

Fortie and two years in this vessel frail,  
On the rough seas of life did *Keeling* sail.  
A merchant fortunate, a captain bold,  
A courtier gracious, yet, alas, not old.  
Such wealth, experience, honour, and high praise,  
Few winne in twice so manie years or daies,  
For what the world admir'd he deem'd but drosse,  
For Christ ; without Christ all his gains but losse ;  
For him and his dear love, with merry cheer,  
To the Holy Land his last course he did steer,  
*Faith* serv'd for sails ; the *Sacred Word* for card ;  
*Hope* was his anchor ; *Glory* his reward ;  
And thus with gales of grace by happy venture,  
Through Straits of Death, Heaven's Harbour he did  
enter.

---

On a PHYSICIAN, who died in *Cumberland* a few years ago, and, agreeably to an injunction imposed on his friends, was buried at midnight in the centre of a wood.

Beneath the covert of this spreading shade  
A master of the healing art is laid ;  
Whose death was notic'd by no passing bell,  
No dirge was chaunted o'er his earthly cell ;  
No train was hir'd, in fun'ral pomp, to shew  
A mimic scene of artificial woe.

O may the bigot's gloomy censure spare  
 His lonely grave, unhallow'd with a pray'r !  
 And learn, that Virtue, wheresoever found,  
 In woods—in churches—consecrates the ground.

---

ON MR. CARTER, who was burnt by the great  
 powder mischance in Finsbury.

Here lies an honest *Carter* (yet no clown)  
 Unladen of his cares, his end the Crown ;  
 Vanish'd from hence, even in a cloud of smoke,  
 A blown-up citizen, and yet not broke.

---

#### ON AN ATTORNEY.

Reader ! beware the path you tread,  
 Lest, by mischance, you wake the dead ;  
 Nor deem my caution insincere,  
 For *Lawyer W.*— sleepeth here :  
 A man to every demon known,  
 Who made the statutes all his own :  
 Conceived in Ruin's baneful womb,  
 His heart was harder than his tomb.  
 For forty summers at assize  
 He cast a film o'er Reason's eyes :  
 But now, alas ! his toil is o'er,  
 Who made us sweat at every pore ;  
 For now, remov'd from mortal evil,  
 He'll do his best to *cheat the devil !*

ANTHONY PASQUIN.

Said to be in *Wrexham Church-yard*.

Here lies old HARE, worn out with care,  
 Who whilom *toll'd the bell*,  
 Could *dig a grave*, or *set a stave*,  
 And say *Amen* full well.  
 For *sacred song*, he'd Sternhold's tongue,  
 And Hopkins' eke also ;  
 With cough and hem, he stood by them,  
 As far as lungs would go.  
 Many a feast for worms he drest,  
 Himself then wanting bread ;  
 But lo ! he's gone, with skin and bone,  
 To starve them now he's dead.  
 Here take his *spade*, and use his trade,  
 Since he is out of breath ;  
 Cover the bones of him, who once  
 Wrought journey-work for *death*.

---

On DR. JOHNSON ; said to be written by *Soame Jenyns*.

Here lies poor *Johnson* ; reader, have a care,  
 Tread lightly, lest you rouse a sleeping *bear* ;  
 Religious, moral, gen'rous, and humane  
 He was—but self-sufficient, rude, and vain :  
 Ill-bred, and overbearing in dispute ;  
 A scholar and a christian—yet a brute.  
 Would you know all his wisdom and his folly,  
 His actions, sayings, mirth, and melancholy,  
*Boswell* and *Thrale*, retailers of his wit,  
 Will tell you how he wrote, and talk'd, and cough'd,  
 and spit.

On a DRAMATIST, who was a plagiarist and a notorious liar.

Here *lies*——

*In truth* you will find beneath this ground  
One who ne'er yet in *truth* was found.  
Yet none on earth poor Tom deceived,  
For always lying, none believed.

But, strange!

By fate dispatch'd without his fill,  
Below the dog is *lying* still.

Lines by the learned and facetious REVEREND  
WILLIAM GODWIN, Fellow of *Eton College*, and Vi-  
car of *St. Nicholas, in Bristol*. He died in June,  
747.—Written for himself.

Here lies a head that often ach'd ;  
Here lie two hands that always shak'd ;  
Here lies a brain of odd conceit ;  
Here lies a heart that often beat ;  
Here lie two eyes that daily wept,  
And in the night but seldom slept ;  
Here lies a tongue that whining talk'd ;  
Here lie two feet that feebly walk'd ;  
Here lie the midriff, and the breast,  
With loads of indigestion prest ;  
Here lies the liver full of bile,  
That ne'er secreted proper chyle ;  
Here lie the bowels, human tripes,  
Tortur'd with wind, and twisting gripes ;  
Here lies that livid dab, the spleen,  
The source of life's sad tragic scene ;



That left side weight that clogs the blood,  
 And stagnates nature's circling flood,  
 Here lie the nerves, so often twitch'd  
 With painful cramps, and poignant stitch ;  
 Here lies the back, oft rack'd with pains,  
 Corroding kidnies, loins and reins ;  
 Here lies the skin *per* scarvy fed,  
 With pimples, and eruptions red ;  
 Here lies the man, from top to toe,  
 That fabric fam'd for pain and woe ;  
 He caught a cold, but colder death  
 Compress'd his lungs and stopt his breath ;  
 The organs could no longer go,  
 Because the bellows ceas'd to blow.

Thus I dissect this honest friend,  
 Who ne'er till death was at wit's end ;  
 For want of spirits here he fell ;  
 With higher spirits let him dwell,  
 In future state of peace and love,  
 Where just men's perfect spirits move.



In the church at *North Church, Herts*, is a brass plate fixed up with a sketch of the head of **PETER the WILD BOY**, and underneath the following inscription :—

“ To the memory of **PETER**, known by the name of the **WILD BOY**, having been found wild in the forest of *Hertswood*, near *Hanover*, in the year 1725. He then appeared to be about twelve years of age. In the following year he was brought to England by order of the late **QUEEN CAROLINE** ; and the ablest mas-

ters were provided for him. But proving incapable of speaking, or of receiving any instruction, a comfortable provision was made for him at a farm-house in this parish, where he continued to the end of his inoffensive life. He died on the 22d of February, 1785, supposed to be aged 72."

'Tis reported that his countenance much resembled that of *Socrates*. He could never be taught to articulate any words, though he hummed a tune or two very ill. He was very fond of *ale* and *tobacco*, and had retained so much of his court breeding as to kiss the hand of the person who gave him money. He was extremely sensible of the change of the weather, and used to howl and be very wretched before rain. He was supposed to have been an idiot purposely put in the way of *GEORGE THE FIRST*, in the forest where he was discovered.

---

In *Tower Church, London*; on *CAPTAIN VALENTINE PYNE*, late *Master-gunner of England*.

V ndaunted hero, whose aspiring mind,  
 A s being not willing here to be confin'd,  
 L ike birds in cage, in narrow trunk of clay,  
 E ntain'd death and with it sear'd away;  
 N ow he is gone, why should I not relate  
 T o future ages his valour, fame, and fate:  
 I ust, loyal, prudent, faithful, such was he,  
 N ature accomplish'd world's epitome.  
 P roud he was not, and though by riches try'd,  
 Y et virtue was his safe, his surest guide;  
 N or can devouring time his rapid jaws  
 E'er eat away those actions he made laws,

## .EPITAPHE DE ROBESPIERRE.

Passant, ne pleure pas mon sort,  
Si je vivais, tu serais mort,

IN ENGLISH.

Passenger, weep not at my fate,  
For were I *living*, thou wouldst soon be dead.\*

---

The following is written by LACKINGTON, the celebrated *Bookseller*, on himself; and he requests, in the publication of his *Memoirs*, that when he is gone to heaven (but he observes he is not in haste about it), his friends will have it engraved on his tombstone:—

Good passenger, one moment stay,  
And contemplate this heap of clay;  
'Tis *Lackington* that claims a pause,  
Who strove with death, but lost his cause:  
A stranger genius ne'er need be,  
Than many a merry year was he.  
Some faults he had, some virtues too;  
(The devil himself should have his due;)  
And as dame fortune's wheel turn'd round,  
Whether at top or bottom found,  
He never once forgot his station,  
Nor e'er disown'd a poor relation;  
In poverty he found content,  
Riches ne'er made him insolent.

\* In allusion to his insatiate thirst for the blood of his fellow citizens.

When poor, he'd rather read than eat ;  
 When rich, books form'd his highest treat.  
 His first great wish, to act, with care,  
 The several parts assign'd him here ;  
 And, as his heart to truth inclin'd,  
 He studied hard the truth to find.  
 Much pride he had,—'twas love of fame,  
 And slighted gold, to get a name ;  
 But fame herself prov'd greatest gain,  
 For riches follow'd in her train.  
 Much had he read, and much had thought,  
 And yet, you see, he's brought to nought ;  
 Or *out of print*, as he would say,  
 To be *revis'd* some future day ;  
 Free from *errata*, with *addition*,  
*A new and a complete edition.*

---

### HEYDON, YORKSHIRE.

Here lyeth the body of  
 WILLIAM STRUTTON,  
 Of Padington.

Buried the 18th of May. 1734,  
 Aged 97.

Who had, by his first wife, twenty-eight children,  
 And by a second seventeen ;  
 Own father to forty-five,  
 Grand father to eighty-six,  
 Great-grand-father to ninety-seven,  
 And great-grand-grand-father to twenty-three ;  
 In all two hundred and fifty-one.

In removing part of the altar of *Wolverhampton Church*, in the year 1789, there appeared to be a part of a monument, with the following inscription in very legible characters—the date 1690.

Here lie the bones  
Of *Joseph Jones*,  
Who eat whilst he was able ;  
But once o'er fed,  
He dropt down dead,  
And fell beneath the table.  
When from the tomb,  
To meet his doom,  
He rises amidst sinners ;  
Since he must dwell  
In heav'n or hell,  
Take him —which gives best dinners !

---

The following epitaph, on a Traveller, appeared lately in that entertaining monthly miscellany, the *Universal Magazine*.

“The evil that men do lives after them ; the good is often interred with their bones.”

Here resteth the body of  
**THOMAS BATTYE,\***  
Late of Manchester,  
Who died on a journey through Scotland,  
May 3d, 1793, aged 80.

\* *Mr. Battye's* father was formerly deputy constable at *Manchester*, and his brother was lately a performer at the *Carlisle* theatre.

This stone was placed here  
 By an acquaintance,  
 Who, after examining the *debts* and *credits*,  
 Of his cash account,  
 Found a small balance in his favour.  
 His sickness was short,  
 And, being a stranger, he was not troubled in his last  
 moments with the sight of weeping friends,  
 But died at an inhospitable inn,  
 With the consent of all around him.  
 He left no mourner here,  
 Save a favourite mare ; which,  
 (If the account of an ostler may be credited)  
 Neither ate nor drank during his indisposition.

Reader !

Little will be said to perpetuate his memory ;  
 The fact is—he died poor :  
 The whole he left behind, would not buy paper  
 Sufficient to paint half his virtues ;  
 His chief mourner was sold by public roup,  
 To pay the expenses of an overgrown landlord,  
 And a half-starved apothecary.  
 His bags at once contained  
 His *wardrobe, patterns, and library* ;  
 Consisting of  
*Two neckcloths* and a *clean shirt* ;  
 With samples of  
*Fringes, laces, lines, and tassels, whips, webs,*  
 And *whalebone*.

Also the following curious collection of books :  
 A volume of manuscript poetry,  
 (The offspring of his own Muse),  
 Matrimonial Magazines,  
 Ovid's Art of Love—The Whole Duty of Man, and

Plato on the Immortality of the Soul.  
 In a snug pocket,  
 Lay an Aberdeen note for five pounds,  
 And an unfinished love letter.  
 The latter evinced an eager desire of a  
 Speedy marriage ;  
 For though his *family* face was an  
 Index of an hardened and unforgiving temper,  
 It was at last approved  
 By the object of his affection.  
 And if death had spared him, though  
 Nature had been unkind,  
 He might have liv'd to have improved an  
 Ill-favoured stock.  
 The affability of his manners,  
 And the susceptibility of his heart, gave  
 Appearances the lie :  
 His sympathetic feelings for distress,  
 Were eminently displayed through life :  
 His attachment to the fair sex was notorious ;  
 To whom he was so tenderly attentive,  
 That the story of a rude embrace would have caused  
 The " tear of sensibility" to  
 Trickle from his eye.\*  
 He was ever happy in doing good,  
 And his liberality bountifully extended to  
 The unfortunate part of the sex,  
 Whom he always relieved to the utmost of  
 His power.  
 He was, justly speaking,  
 A friend to *all* ;  
 And an enemy to none but *himself*.  
*Brother Traveller,*  
*Stop,*  
 \* He had only one:

And reflect a moment  
 On the uncertainty of this life !  
 Five days are not yet passed, since he  
     Drank with glee,  
     The well-known bumper toast ;  
     He little thought it was  
 His farewell tribute to every earthly pleasure !  
     But his last journey being o'er,  
         There is now  
 No riding double stages to make up lost time :  
         Nor boxing *Harry*  
     To make up his cash account,  
 Who knows but *Harry* may now be *boxing* him ?  
         The final balance  
     Of the good and evil of his life  
         Is now stricken ;  
     And here he rests in hope,  
 That it may be found to his *credit* on the  
         *Judgment Day*.  
     In the grand ledger of  
     *Everlasting Happiness !*

---

### ON COWPER, THE POET.

Here, where thought no more devours,  
     Rests the poet and the man ;  
 Life, with all its subtle powers,  
     Ending where it first began.  
 Stranger, if thou lov'st a tear,  
     Weep thee o'er his death awhile ;  
 If thine eye would still be clear,  
     Think upon his life, and smile.



In *St. Clement Danes* burying ground.

Here lie the remains of  
 Honest *Joe Miller*,  
 Who was a tender husband,  
 A sincere friend,  
 A facetious companion,  
 And an excellent comedian.  
 He departed this life the 15th day of August, 1738,  
 Aged 54 years.

If humour, wit, and honesty, could save  
 The humourous, witty, honest, from the grave,  
 The grave had not so soon this tenant found,  
 Whom honesty, wit, and humour crown'd.  
 Or could esteem and love preserve our breath,  
 And guard us longer from the stroke of death :  
 The stroke of death on him had later fell,  
 Whom all mankind esteem'd and lov'd so well.

In *Duloe Church, Cornwall*, is an Inscription, in which the name of the female, whose remembrance it records, forms the anagram, Man a dry laurell.

MARIA ARUNDELL.

Man a dry laurell.

Man to the marigold compar'd may be ;  
 Man may be likened to the laurell tree ;  
 Both feed the eye, both please the optic sense,  
 Both soon decay, both suddenly fleet hence.  
 What then infer you from her name, but this :  
 Man fades away, Man a dry laurell is.

On a **WELCHMAN**, killed by a fall from his horse.

Here lies interr'd, beneath these stones,  
David ap Morgan, ap Shenkin, ap Jones;  
Hur was born in Wales, hur travell'd in France,  
Hur went to heav'n by a bad mischance.

---

*In Leigh Delamere Church-yard, Wiltshire.*

Who lies here?—Who do'e think?  
Why old *Clapper Watts*, if you'll give him some drink.  
Give a dead man drink, for why?  
Why, when he was alive, he was always *dry*.

---

ON **THOMAS HUDDLESTONE**.

Here lies *Thomas Huddlestone*. Reader, don't smile!  
But reflect, as this tomb-stone you view,  
That death, who kill'd him, in a very short while  
Will *huddle a stone* upon you.

---

ON **JOHN TROTT, A BAILIFF**.

Here lies *John Trott*, by trade a *bum*;  
When he dy'd, the devil cry'd,—  
Come, *John*, come.

Said to be on a Tomb-stone at *Arlington*, near  
*Paris*.

'Here lie

Two grand-mothers with their two grand-daughters,  
Two husbands with their two wives,  
Two fathers with their two daughters,  
Two mothers with their two sons,  
Two maidens with their two mothers,  
Two sisters with their two brothers,  
Yet but six corps in all lie buried here,  
All born legitimate, and from incest clear.

#### EXPLANATION.

Two widows that were sisters-in-law, had each a son, who married each others mother, and by them had each a daughter.

Suppose one widow's name Mary, and her son's name John, and the other widow's name Sarah, and her son's James, this answers the fourth line.

Then suppose John married Sarah, and had a daughter by her, and James married Mary, and had a daughter also, these marriages answer the first, second, third, fifth, and sixth lines of the epitaph.

---

#### GREAT CORNARD, SUFFOLK,

Here lies the body of *Joe Sewell*,  
Who to his wife was very cruel;  
And likewise to his brother *Tom*,  
As any man in Christendom;  
'This is all I'll say of *Joe*,  
'There he lies, and let him go.

ON JOHN ELWES, Esq. of *Matchem, Berks;* and  
*Stoke, Suffolk* ; the Miser.

Here, to man's honour, and to man's disgrace,  
Lies a strong picture of the human race,  
In *Elwes's* form ; whose spirit, heart, and mind,  
Virtue and vice in firmest tints combin'd.  
Rough was the rock, but blended deep with ore,  
And base the mass that many a diamond bore.  
Meanness to grandeur, folly join'd to sense,  
Avarice united with benevolence.  
Whose lips ne'er broke a truth, nor hands a trust,  
Were sometimes warmly kind and always just.  
With pow'rs to reach ambition's highest birth,  
He sunk a wretch that grovell'd to the earth.  
Lost in the lust of adding pelf to pelf,  
Poor to the poor, still poorer to himself.  
To pleasure's joy he virtue's joy denied,  
Want all his fear, and riches all his pride.  
A foe to none, to many oft a friend,  
Callous to give, but liberal to lend.  
Whose wants, that nearly bent to all but stealth,  
Ne'er in his country's plunder sought for wealth.  
Call'd by her voice, but call'd without expense,  
His nobler nature rous'd in her defence.  
And in the senate, labouring in her cause,  
The strictest guardian of the purest laws  
He stood ; and each instinctive taint above,  
To every bribe preferr'd a people's love.  
Yet still, with no stern patriotism fir'd,  
Wrapt up in wealth, to wealth again retir'd ;  
By pen'ry guarded from pride's sickly train,  
Living a length of days without a pain ;  
And, adding to the million never try'd,  
Lov'd, pity'd, scorn'd, and honour'd, *Elwes* died.

Learn from this proof, that in life's tempting scene,  
 Man is a compound of the great and mean.  
 Discordant qualities together ty'd,  
 Virtues in him with vices are ally'd.  
 The sport of follies, of crimes the heir,  
 Each must the mixture of an *Elves* share ;  
 Pondering his faults, his merits not disown,  
 But in his nature recollect thy own ;  
 And think for life and pardon where to trust,  
 Were God not mercy, when his creature's dust.

END OF THE EPITAPHS.

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